

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 269.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1832.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other large Towns; it is received in Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

REVIEWS

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Character of the late John Mason Good, M.D. By Olinthus Gregory, LL.D. London: Fisher & Co.

Dr. Mason Good was one of those men whose course of action it is always agreeable and useful to contemplate. His life was passed in continual exertion, but at the same time exhibited the virtues which are usually only seen among those who enjoy repose and leisure. He was not a man of genius in the higher sense of that word; but he employed his talents so judiciously, and with such an honest sense of responsibility, that the result of his labours almost equalled the productions of loftier minds. In a merely psychological point of view, therefore, his intellectual character is well worthy of study; but, as affording a lesson of true human worth, his conduct and opinions deserve the consideration of every man who can feel bettered by communing with the good, or who dare acknowledge that he wants the aid of sympathy and example to pursue an arduous and honourable course.

Mason Good was born May 25, 1764. His father was a dissenting minister, and a man of considerable attainments in classical and general learning. To his care, the subject of this memoir was indebted for the early acquaintance he enjoyed with the best writers of antiquity; and some of the specimens of his youthful powers, quoted by Dr. Gregory, indicate the serious and fine moral tone of feeling with which his mind was already imbued. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Mr. Johnson, a surgeon at Gosport, under whom he pursued his professional studies with characteristic ardour, and at the same time cultivated poetry with so much care, that he composed 'An Abstracted View of the Principal Tropes and Figures of Rhetoric, in their Origin and Powers'; made himself master of Italian; and, to crown all, compiled a Dictionary of Poetic Endings.

When he was about seventeen, Mr., now Dr. Babington, was received by Mr. Johnson as an assistant, and a close intimacy was soon formed between the two young men. They were, however, not long together. The death of Mr. Johnson occurred before his apprentice had completed his term; and our young poet in consequence finished his studies at Havant. In 1783-4 he attended lectures in London, and was soon after taken into partnership by Mr. Deeks, of Sudbury. His skill and industry were there amply rewarded. He married a young lady of high respectability and many accomplishments, and appeared in the direct road to permanent happiness. But his wife died of consumption six months after their union, and in 1792 he was involved in dangerous

embarrassment from having become bound for the payment of a friend's debts. Dr. Gregory gives the following moral to his account of this circumstance:—

"Some time in the year 1792, Mr. Good, either by becoming legally bound for some friends, or by lending them a large sum of money, under the expectation that it would be soon returned, but which they were unable to repay, was brought into circumstances of considerable pecuniary embarrassment. Mr. Fenn most cheerfully stepped forward to remove his difficulties, by lending him partial aid; an aid, indeed, which would have been rendered completely effectual, had not Mr. Good resolved that perplexities, springing from what he regarded as his own want of caution (though in no other respect open to censure), should be removed principally by his own exertions. Thus it happened that a pecuniary loss, from the pressure of which men with minds of an ordinary cast would have gladly escaped as soon as assistance was offered, became with him the permanent incentive to a course of literary activity, which, though it was intercepted repeatedly by the most extraordinary failures and disappointments, issued at length in their complete removal, and in the establishment of a high and richly-deserved reputation. And thus, by the sombrous vicissitude of his providential dispensations, the heavenly

Husbandman

Prepar'd the soil;—and silver-tongued Hope
Promis'd another harvest.

"Mr. Good's exertions, on this occasion, were most persevering and diversified. He wrote plays; he made translations from the French, Italian, &c.; he composed poems; he prepared a series of philosophical essays; but all these efforts, though they soothed his mind and occupied his leisure, were unproductive of the kind of benefit which he sought. Having no acquaintance with the managers of the London theatres, or with influential men connected with them, he could not get any of his tragedies or comedies brought forward; and being totally unknown to the London booksellers, he could obtain no purchasers for his literary works: so that the manuscript copies of these productions, which in the course of two or three years had become really numerous, remained upon his hands. Yet nothing damped his ardour. He at length opened a correspondence with the editor of a London newspaper, and became a regular contributor to one of the Reviews: and though these, together, brought him no adequate remuneration, they served as incentives to hope and perseverance."

We do not extract the poetical pieces quoted by Dr. Gregory from his friend's contributions to "The World," the *Morning Post*, as he terms it, of that day. There is little in them of force or originality; his prose essays, on the contrary, are marked by considerable ingenuity and power of argumentation. In 1793 he settled in London, having formed a professional connexion with a Mr. W—. We are unable to follow the narrative here, from some marvellous blunder in the printing or making up of the volume

(page 56-7), but he found his partner a man of the worst principles, and annoyances of every description were the consequence. He had again married, and the following is the statement of his situation:—

"If Mr. Good made an entry in the prison books, Mr. W. in the succeeding entry would contradict it. If Mr. Good rose obviously in the estimation of a private patient, or his relatives, Mr. W. would set himself, by paltry insinuations, to excite doubts of his judgment or skill. And so on from day to day. The result may at once be anticipated. The business failed; the partnership was dissolved; Mr. W. died in the Fleet prison; and Mr. Good was again generously assisted by his affectionate relative at Ballingdon House. Mr. Good, however, as before, shrunk from the full reception of the aid offered him by Mr. Fenn, though he gratefully received essential help. He disguised the entire magnitude of his embarrassments from Mrs. Good and her family, and resolved to surmount them principally by his own exertions. I do not mention this determination for the sake of commending it, but for the sake of again marking its result upon his general character. An increasing family, project after project defeated, the frequent occurrence of unforeseen vexations, served but as new incentives to his professional activity, and to the most extended literary research. Thus circumstanced, for three or four years he concealed his anxieties from those he most loved, maintaining a cheerful demeanour among his friends, pursued his theoretical and practical inquiries into every accessible channel; and, at length, by God's blessing upon his exertions, surmounted every difficulty, and obtained professional reputation and employment, sufficient to satisfy his thirst for fame, and to place him in what are usually regarded as reputable and easy circumstances."

He now strove with unremitting zeal to obtain a rank among his medical brethren, and in 1794 became a member of the General Pharmaceutical Association. This Society was formed to establish a distinction between the druggist and the apothecary, and Dr. Gregory has given some amusing anecdotes, to show the state of Pharmacy at that period:—

"From this time, Mr. Good continued, as a member of the Medical Society, often as a member of its council, and for two or three years as one of its secretaries, to promote its interests. He also became an active member of a society, constituted in the year 1794, under the title of 'The General Pharmaceutical Association,' whose main design was to preserve the distinction between the apothecary and the druggist, which had for so many ages prevailed, and which, from recent circumstances, it was apprehended would be merged and lost, unless some special efforts were made to prevent it. Not only in London, but in almost every town in Great Britain, men of the most illiterate character and habits, ignorant of the science of medicine, of the formulae of prescription, of the theory and practice of chemistry, ignorant, often, even of the English language, obtained extensive business as druggists, and not unfrequently connected with that the occupations of bleeding, tooth-drawing, and

bone-setting. In various instances, country grocers had practised actively in these *kindred* departments: and the mischief, as may easily be conjectured, was immense. A man practised surgery and pharmacy, no farther from London than the village of Beckenham, whose whole medical education consisted in having been 'stable-boy, for two years, to a surgeon in that neighbourhood.' At Uckfield there were three 'grocer-druggists' who prescribed, and in cases of difficulty applied to their London drug-merchant for help. Some 'drug-dealing grocers, at Marlow,' substituted (for want of better knowledge) arsenic for cream of tartar, tinctures of opium and jalap for those of senna and rhubarb, and nitre for glauber's salts; thus ruining instead of restoring the healths of those who were unfortunate enough to consult them. A druggist at Croydon, after labouring hard to ascertain the precise meaning of the words 'cucurbita cruenta,' discovered at length, with the kind aid of an equally learned disciple of Æsculapius, that they denoted 'an electric shock.' A medical gentleman at Worcester prescribed for his patient as follows:—'Decoct. Cascarillæ ʒ viij. Tinct. ejusdem ʒ j.' The shopman who had the principal care of the business, having sought in vain for a phial labelled *Tinct. ejusdem*, sent to the shops of other druggists to procure it: but the search was fruitless, there was no *Tinct. ejusdem* to be procured in the city of Worcester, and the prescription was actually returned to the physician with an earnest request that he would substitute some other ingredient for this scarce tincture! Another blunder, but, unfortunately, of serious consequence, occurred in the year 1795 in the same city. A physician being requested to prescribe for a boy of ten years old, the son of a poor woman, labouring under a dyspnoea, directed this draught to be given him at bed-time: 'R. Syr. Papav. Alb. ʒ j. Tinct. Opii Camph. ʒ iij. Aq. Distill. ʒ vj.' It was prepared by a druggist's shopman, who had not heard of the new name for Paregoric Elixir, and therefore made it with ʒ ij. of Tinct. Opii: he advised the mother to give the child only half of the draught, but that proved sufficiently strong to deprive him of life in about twenty-four hours."

Mr. Good's connexion with this Society led to his writing the 'History of Medicine,' and his application seemed to increase with the increase of his reputation. He made translations from various languages, studied universal grammar, and formed theories upon the science—wrote for reviews, and, while walking to the houses of his patients, effected a version of Lucretius. In 1816 he delivered the Lectures at the Surrey Institution, which were subsequently published under the title of the 'Book of Nature,' an elegant and interesting work, and in 1820, after a long and laborious practice as a surgeon, took the diploma of M.D. from Marischal College, Aberdeen. He thus spoke of the event to Dr. Drake, with whom he had been many years intimate:—

"I have now tried my new fortune for nearly six months, and only wish I had felt it prudent to have commenced earlier, for it has succeeded beyond my best expectations. All my old circle of patients are in turn patients still, without a single exception, so far as I know; and I have added very considerably to the number, as well as have to reply to a tolerably extensive range of advice from the country; so that my hands are pretty full still. I have also the satisfaction of finding that my late partner is gratified with his prospects. . . . You will be surprised to learn that almost the first patient I had, on entering on my new department, was Sir Gilbert Blane,

who paid me this compliment, as I feel it to be, from mere friendship."

The 'System of Nosology,' and the 'Study of Medicine,' were the speedy fruits of the energy he employed in this new branch of the medical profession, and his fame was thereby established on a basis not less sound than honourable.

We cannot pretend to give the titles of all the treatises which proceeded from the pen of this laborious writer; but, while he was thus producing works of the highest utility to his professional brethren, he gave evidence of his love of literature by numerous translations from the poetical books of Scripture. He continued thus to exert his talents till 1826, when his health no longer allowed him to follow his usual occupations. In a letter written about this time, he says—

"The die is cast, and we are going to Leamington. May a gracious Providence render its breezes balmy, and its waters healthful! And, above all, direct me how best to devote whatever time may be yet allotted me, to the glory of God and the good of myself and others. I have trifled with time too much already; it is high time to awake and be sober, and to prepare to leave it for *eternity*! Every moment ought to be precious."

His death occurred on the 2nd of January, 1827.

We refer our readers to the third section of Dr. Gregory's interesting volume, for a very full account of Dr. Good's character, both moral and intellectual. The writer speaks with the warmth of a friend, and we are the more inclined to believe that he speaks the truth on that very account; admiration for the virtues of such a man as the subject of his memoir, is the strongest antidote that the human heart can possess against falsehood and disingenuousness.

Poems, Narrative and Lyrical, by William Motherwell. Glasgow: Robertson; London: Longman & Co.

The poetry of Mr. Motherwell has a mingled Scottish and Scandinavian sound; or rather, he sings of love and home-bred joys as Ramsay and Burns have done; and of battles by sea and land—onslaughts and invasion—with the rapture and impetuosity of a northern Scald. In his Scottish vein he is mild, gentle, and touching; in his Scandinavian spirit he is fierce and vehement, rude and melodious. We like him best, we confess, in the latter; he handles a sword more skillfully than he does the lover's lute. He rides into a fray with more address and passion than when he wanders over some lonely hill on a visit to his mistress, chanting of her charms as he passes along. In preferring his martial to his amorous ballads, we mean not to accuse him of want of courtesy—nay, gallantry to the fair: we are but stating the impression which his lyrics have made upon us: we have no particular leaning towards martial deeds; our nature, though of the critical kind, is pacific; we would not give "ae cannie hour at e'en" with one of the dark-eyed dames of the west of Scotland, for the honour of guiding "the current of a heady light," and falling gloriously, as the *Gazette* words it. Mr. Motherwell has written some of the best martial lyrics which Scotland has produced. One verse from the 'Battle Flag of Sigurd' will almost prove this:—

The eagle hearts of all the North
Have left their stormy strand;
The warriors of the world are forth
To chase anther land!
Again, their long keels sheer the wave,
Their broad sheets court the breeze;
Again, the reckless and the brave,
Ride lords of weltering seas.
Nor swifter from the well-bent bow
Can feathered shaft be sped,
Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow
Their soaring galleys tread.
Then lift the can to bearded lip,
And snite each sounding shield,
Wassail! to every dark ribbed ship,
To every battle field!

Nor do we less like the martial tone of the Wooing Song of the Scandinavian chief:—

Bright maiden of Orkney,
Star of the blue sea!
I've swept o'er the waters
To gaze upon thee;
I've left spoil and slaughter,
I've left a far strand,
To sing love I love thee,
To kiss thy small hand!
Fair Daughter of Einar,
Golden-haired maid!
The lord of yon brown bark,
And lord of this blade;
The joy of the ocean—
Of warfare and wind,
Hath borne him to woo thee,
And thou must be kind.

The next song we shall quote is of a different tone: we consider it of great original merit:—

The Demon Lady.

Again in my chamber!
Again at my bed!
With thy smile sweet as sunshine,
And hand cold as lead!
I know thee, I know thee!—
Nay, start not, my sweet!
These golden robes shrank up,
And showed me thy feet!
These golden robes shrank up,
And tafted thin.
While out reapt the symbols
Of Death and of Sin!
Bright, beautiful devil!
Pass, pass from me now;
For the damp dew of death
Gathers thick on my brow;
And bind up thy girdle,
Nor beauties disclose,
More dazlingly white
Than the wreath-drifted snows;
And away with thy kisses;
My heart waxes sick,
As thy red lips, like worms,
Travel o'er my cheek!
Ha! press me no more with
That passion's hand,
'Tis whiter than milk, or
The foam on the strand;
'Tis softer than down, or
The silken-leaved flower;
But colder than ice thrills
Its touch at this hour.
Like the finger of Death
From cements unrolled,
Thy hand on my heart falls
Dull, clammy, and cold.
Nor bend o'er my pillow—
Thy raven black hair
O'ershadows my brow with
A deeper despair;
These ringlets thick falling
Spread fire through my brain,
And my temples are throbbing
With madness again.
The moonlight! the moonlight!
The deep-winding woe!
There are two on that strand,
And a ship far away!
In its silence and beauty,
Its passion and power,
I've breathed o'er the hand,
Like the soul of a flower.
The billows were clanking
On pale yellow sands;
And moonshine was gleaming
On small ivory hands.
There were bowers by the brook's brink,
And flowers budding the free;
There were hot lips to suck forth
A lost soul from me!
Now, mountain and meadow,
Frith, forest, and river,
Are mingling with shadows—
Are lost to me ever.

The sunlight is fading,
Small birds seek their nest;
While happy hearts, flower-like,
Sink sinless to rest.
But I—'tis no matter:—
Ay, kiss cheek and chin;
Kiss—kiss—thou hast won me,
Bright, beautiful Sin!

The poet closes his volume with some very touching verses:—

The Midnight Wind.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by:
It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hopes that bloomed to die—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth mean;
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone:
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay! well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

We cannot part with Mr. Motherwell without saying that he is more than a maker of lays in honour of war, wine, and women: he is a zealous and able antiquarian, and Scotland owes not a little to his industry and skill in collecting and illustrating much of her old ballad lore. We have been instructed and amused with some of his antiquarian disquisitions; and love him not the less that he desires to preserve the strains of the old minstrels in their native state, and sternly refuses to allow the kirtle of the ancient muse, who presides over love and laughter, to be lengthened.

The Invisible Gentleman. By the Author of 'Chartley,' &c. London: Bull.

'The Invisible Gentleman' is a novel of a class very common in Germany, but not yet naturalized in England, which may be described as the whimsically supernatural. Like Peter Schlemihl and the Devil's Elixir, it is founded on the possession of a mysterious power not "dreamed of in our philosophy," and teaches a moral, which might be taught more efficaciously in a very few lines. The hero is described as accidentally forming a wish to possess the power of becoming invisible; a mysterious being, who rather inconsistently turns out to be a mere human agent, offers to gratify his desires, and the offer is immediately accepted. But the gift, so eagerly received, proves to be fraught with the most pernicious consequences: the hero is gradually led into the most unhero-like vices; he becomes a liar, a thief, a suborner of perjury, and, in design at least, a murderer. The varied miseries which he is forced to endure, and the apparent slavery of circumstances to which he is subjected, prevent him from losing our sympathies even in his worst degradation; because, as we trace the steps of his advance in crime, we are forced to regard him as the victim rather of fate than will. He wears at length of a power whose spell had only worked him woe, and, having at last contrived to transfer the fatal gift to another, is restored to virtue and happiness. The moral of the tale is, we presume, "The

Vanity of Human Wishes," a moral which scarcely required three volumes for its exemplification.

The materials of which this fiction is constructed, would have made a smart tale for one of the *Annuals*, or a capital article in a *Magazine*, but they are far too scanty for a book. Some one has said, that "a man of one idea is a bore," and really a book of one idea is very little better. The notion of the hero's invisibility is a good thought; but when it is tortured into every possible variety, and shade of variety, it becomes tiresome. We feel like the hapless stranger in an Irish inn, who, having ordered four dishes, was served with fried mutton, boiled mutton, roast mutton and baked mutton.

Something like regret mingles with our censure, for the author manifestly possesses fine moral sensibilities, and a delicate perception of the workings of feeling. The style of the work is at the same time simple and animated, the sentiments admirably adapted to the characters, and the characters themselves sketched with great spirit. If merit of execution could atone for error of design, this work would have passed our ordeal scatheless.

Records of Travels in Turkey, Greece, &c. and of a Cruise in the Black Sea, with the Capitan Pasha, in the Years 1829, 1830, and 1831. By Adolphus Slade, Esq.

[Second Notice.]

We resume our examination of Mr. Slade's interesting travels. Of the inconveniences attending journeying in the East, he gives what he calls a reasonable list:—

"1. After making a complaint to a Pasha of an inferior officer, with the intention of getting him reprimanded, or, at most, bastinadoed, to have his head brought in to you on a wooden dish, with a polite message to know if you are satisfied.

"2. Crossing a bridge, to find yourself suddenly projected several yards, and on rising, if your neck be not broken, to see the animal dead lame in consequence of having stepped into an aperture, caused by a vacant plank, and concealed by the snow.

"3. When six hours from any village, your guide, on whom you may have had occasion to exercise your tongue or whip, takes the sulks and leaves you to find your own way.

"4. Travelling of a dark night, your sumpter horse slips off the path into a ravine, breaks his back, and scrunches your baggage.

"5. After a long cold journey, to find the walls of the khan streaming with wet, wherein you get a room with paper windows, and no doors; you endeavour to make a fire, but the wood is green, and when at length you have blown it up with your mouth, you are sick and cannot eat pilaff.

"6. On rising from the floor of a coffee-house where you have rolled all night, to find several holes burnt in your clothes by the embers of the company's pipes.

"7. On arriving late at a hamlet just occupied by irregular troops, to have the option of a pigsty, or the only spare house,—where the plague happens to be.

"8. Crossing a river, to find your horse trying to swim, your guide having missed the ford. To the misery of feeling your nether garments freezing to your skin, you add the reflection that there is not a dry shred in your baggage.

With a knowledge of all these inconveniences, and with a resolution to brave them, the author a second time set out from Con-

stantinople by the way of Philippopolis, with the intention of traversing the Russian cantonnments—it was the middle of winter—and crossing the Balkans to Schumla. He encounters a Tartar on the way, and takes a sketch of him:—

"A Tartar is the picture of animation, his face transparently clear, just from under the barber's hands; his shining beard and moustaches trimmed to a hair; his high calpack put on with a touch of dandyism, covered by a flowered handkerchief to tie under his chin in case the wind proved high; his long fur riding cloak, of red or other gay-coloured cloth, with unsewed sleeves brushing his horse's back; his capacious trousers and huge boots, scrupulously clean; his brass shovel-stirrups, bright as friction can make them; his black, polished leather saddle set off by silver-hilted pistols, and by the amber mouth-piece of his chibouque,—altogether a gay and gallant cavalier. In the latter case, his mother would not recognize him: pale, haggard, and dirty, he falls rather than gets off his horse, and throws himself on the ground in pain, unable even to light a pipe,—an object of utter distress. Even on a journey, while fresh horses are preparing, the Tartars throw themselves down, and can scarcely lift their heads to remount. They clothe exceedingly, and never alter their dress on the frozen banks of the Danube, or on the scorching plains of Syria. They usually wear over their shirt, a long robe of silk, a waistcoat of cloth, a jacket of cloth, a jacket lined with fox's fur, an overall-jacket with open sleeves, at times a pelisse, drawers, shelwar (enormous cloth trousers), woollen leggings, and heavy boots. To these must be added, sashes of a bulk and size to us insupportable, their pistols, ataghan, towels, handkerchiefs, tobacco purse, the three last contained in his bosom."

Adrianople carried on it the marks of the Russian invasion; the place seems to have been as injurious to the conquerors as to the conquered:—

"We passed several villages, all bearing marks of Russian devastation, and towards noon, by bye-paths, along ditches, through gardens and willow plantations, entered the second city of the empire, which till within three weeks had been the head-quarters of Marshal Diebitsch. He left it Nov. 20th, having lost by disease 12,000 men since his arrival, August 20th. He might have left it earlier, thereby saving several thousand lives, had he not deemed it necessary to wait for the keys of Giurgewo, which its pasha, Kutshuk Achmet, refused for a long time to deliver up, saying, that he had not been taken, and that he considered the peace as disgraceful,—a peace that might have been made to save the empire, but not to save Constantinople. In the Russian hospital remained 8,000 men, not more than 1,500 of whom left it alive: horrible to relate, they died chiefly of absolute want. In that severe winter 1829-30, the streets of Adrianople feet deep in snow, these poor fellows lay on the floor of the vast wooden barracks (converted into a hospital) without beds or bedding; although the bazars would have furnished enough for 20,000 men. On some days they had not even fire to cook their soup, while the icy gales from the Euxine sung through the crevices of their cage (the barracks could be called no other), which was so slight that it vibrated to people's footsteps. It is said that the emperor shed tears, on hearing, in part, of the distresses of his brave, victorious army. He had better have sent roubles. A company of galley slaves never suffered more cruel neglect than these troops: their diseases arose partly from the water they drank; spirits and wine were dirt cheap at Adrianople; yet, not even a drop was served out per diem."

Our author found the Russian army in its

cantainment, and in General Reuchteurn obtained a friend who admired the English, and loved to show them all kinds of civilities. He dined with a native Russian colonel: the dinner exhibits at once their hospitality and subordination:—

"The Colonel, (a native Russian), detained us to dinner. It was a complete Russian military one, spread out in the Colonel's sleeping-room, which was heated to the temperature of an oven. He, professing to be unwell, reclined on his bed, smoking a meerschauum; while we, that is, the General, Captain O'Connor, and myself, sat down to the table; on which, to do justice to our host's hospitality, was plenty of good things, with variety of wines and spirits. Two officers of the regiment—a captain and lieutenant, waited on us. I was perfectly scandalized, and when one of them came to help me to wine, rose to make room for him at the table. He bowed. The General then requested them to be seated; but as their Colonel did not second him, they excused themselves and remained standing. We returned home in a Kibitka drawn by four little Tartar horses, which equipage was the greatest curiosity that I had seen on the Turkish plains, being so much at variance with the native arabas. The General seemed to think that our dinner required explanation, and told me that Colonels had that kind of power over their officers, without subjection to interference from higher authority;—that formerly, it was quite the thing thus to do honour to a General, however he, if civilized, might dislike it; but that now it was never seen, except in the case of a rude boor like the Colonel in question. 'Fortunately,' he added, 'few of the superior officers are Russians, therefore the practice is fast disappearing.—At my table you see, on the contrary, non-commissioned officers sit down with me.'"

His opinion of the martial genius of Diebitsch, the conqueror of Turkey, is derived from Russian officers who served under him in the campaign. He gives it briefly:—

"He was universally blamed for carelessness of the lives of his men, sacrificing them in unhealthy encampments, wearing them by fatiguing reviews and long marches, and not checking the dishonesty of the Commissariat department. These, coming from Russian officers, who are all more or less guilty of neglecting their men, were heavy charges against him. His decision in crossing the Balkans against the opinions of all the Generals, they dwell on with rapture. Yet this firmness he carried into things of no moment; it was therefore often injurious: e.g. the day fixed on for the march of the army from Adrianople to its winter quarters, was terrible; cold and wet; on which the Generals of division waited on the Marshal to know if the movement could not be deferred till the following day, when the storm might cease. 'My orders are given,' he replied, 'march!' In consequence, one third of the already exhausted horses, were left on the road during the first twenty-four hours."

In Llanevsky, a Pole, he found an admirer of Walter Scott and Byron; also an enthusiast for ukases, conscription laws, and other matters which we of England reckon despotic:—

"He would not understand the blessing of being an English gentleman. 'What are your advantages,' he said, one day, 'compared with mine? with my General's uniform on, I go from one end of Russia to the other, treated as a prince; every noble is flattered if I make his house my home; every peasant is glad to put his shoulder to my carriage-wheel; every lady is proud of my attentions.'—'True,' I replied, 'but the duration of such enjoyments does not

depend on yourself. A stroke of the emperor's pen may tear the epaulettes from your shoulders, subject your back to the cane, send you to Siberia: on the faith of a vile suborner, your name may be branded, your family degraded, your estates given to a courtesan,—and all without your being able to say a word in your defence.'"

In Bulgaria, the traveller found much that he liked; he has given us several pictures of persons and manners which we shall not soon forget:—

"The Bulgarian is handsome, robust, patient, stubborn, and very jealous; with primitive manners. The stranger who puts up for the night in a cottage, has the best of everything, and sleeps on the same floor with father and mother, sons and daughters."

"The women are tall and beautiful—the finest race that I saw in Turkey—with peculiarly small hands and feet. Their costume is elegant, consisting of a striped shift, which covers without concealing the bust, fastened round the throat with a heavy gold or silver clasp; a short worked petticoat, and an embroidered pelisse, *à la Polonoise*, confined by a broad ornamental girdle. Their hair is dressed in long braids, and their wrists and waists adorned with solid bracelets and buckles; the poorest have them. Yet these nymphs of the Balkans are household slaves, and are to be seen in the severest weather drawing water at the fountains."

"No peasantry in the whole world are so well off. The lowest Bulgarian has abundance of everything; meat, poultry, eggs, milk, rice, cheese, wine, bread, good clothing, and a warm dwelling, and a horse to ride. It is true he has no newspaper to inflame his passions, nor a knife and fork to eat with, nor a bedstead to lie on, and therefore may be considered by some people an object of pity."

The varnished picture of a Russian general, contrasts strangely with the simple portraits of the Bulgarian peasants:—

"General Timan was a neat dapper little gentleman,—quite a dandy—a *rara avis* in the army. His dressing gown was of the richest Brussa silk; his cap of the finest Persian wool; his slippers of the gayest patterned Russia leather; his charger was equipped with an English hunting saddle; his pistols were from London; his chibouques were of the latest Stamboul fashion, with a Turkish boy, dressed in green and gold, for chiboukzi; his tea equipage—main stay of a Russian kit—was elegant, china and silver; he had packs of French cards (with which, two Brigade-generals making up the party, we played whist till two in the morning); and unheard-of luxury, he had a mattress to lie me on. But with all these advantages, the good hospitable General was quite Russian in regard of the toilet. On rising from my couch in the morning, expecting to find something superior to what I had seen in other quarters, I confidently asked for a basin to wash in. The domestic required twice telling before comprehending me, and when he did, seemed rather embarrassed."

On his return to Constantinople, he attended on a market day at the sale of a commodity, which is disposed of in a rather more discreet and delicate way in England. Women are openly sold like cattle. But weeping innocence, dishevelled locks, torn garments, and beaten bosoms, Mr. Slade assures us, exist only in imagination:—

"The Circassians and Georgians, who form the trade supply, are only victims of custom, willing victims; being brought up by their mercenary parents for the merchants. If born Mohammedan, they remain so; if born Christian, they are educated in no faith, in order that they may conform, when purchased, to the

Mussulman faith, and therefore they suffer no sacrifice on that score. They live a secluded life, harshly treated by their relations, never seeing a stranger's face, and therefore form no ties of friendship or love, preserve no pleasing recollections of home, to make them regret their country. Their destination is constantly before their eyes, painted in glowing colours; and, so far from dreading it, they look for the moment of going to Anapa, or Poti, whence they are shipped for Stamboul, with as much eagerness as a parlour-boarder of a French or Italian convent for her emancipation. In the market they are lodged in separate apartments, carefully secluded, where, in the hours of business—between nine and twelve—they may be visited by aspirants for possessing such delicate ware. I need not draw a veil over what follows. Decorum prevails. The would-be purchaser may fix his eyes on the lady's face, and his hand may receive evidence of her bust. The waltz allows nearly as much liberty before hundreds of eyes. Of course the merchant gives his warranty, on which, and the preceding data, the bargain is closed. The common price of a tolerable looking maid is about 100*l*. Some fetch hundreds, the value depending as much on accomplishments as on beauty; but such are generally singled out by the Kislar Aga. A coarser article, from Nubia and Abyssinia, is exposed publicly on platforms, beneath verandahs, before the cribs of the white china. A more white toothed, plump cheeked, merry eyed set I seldom witnessed, with a smile and a gibe for every one, and often an audible 'Buy me.' They are sold easily, and without trouble. Ladies are the usual purchasers for domestics. A slight inspection suffices. The girl gets up off the ground, gathers her coarse cloth round her loins, bids her companions adieu, and trips gaily, bare footed, and bare headed, after her new mistress, who immediately dresses her *à la Turque*, and hides her ebony with white veils. The price of one is about 16*l*."

We bid farewell to our traveller, with the hope that he will soon take a journey into some other seldom trodden land, and write an account of it as lively and interesting as this. There are too many words, it is true, and now and then an inclination to make the most of a simple occurrence; but all that he relates is so clearly and picturesquely told, that we overlook small blemishes, and regard the author as a friend whom we were glad to meet and unwilling to part with.

Finden's Gallery of the Graces; a series of Portrait Sketches, engraved by the most eminent Artists, from Original Pictures. Under the superintendence of W. and E. Finden. With poetical illustrations by T. K. Hervey, Esq. Part I. London: Tilt.

THIS work commences in a spirit almost worthy of the audacious title which it has taken: two of the heads are eminently beautiful, and some of the illustrative verse is much to our taste. But the introduction undertakes too much, and makes promises in a strain too lofty and high sounding. The proprietors propose to collect the portraits of their graces "amid those thousand homes where the world looks not," and

"Appealing, at once, to recollection and to fancy, they purpose to gather their illustrations of the beautiful, amid the haunts of every-day existence; and to demonstrate that female loveliness,—in all the forms in which poets have dreamt, or painters embodied it,—lies scattered about the thoroughfares and lonely places of society."

Of the nature of the beauty alluded to in this passage, a fuller description is given, which many will think too shadowy and poetic—the writer comprehends “a world of figures” in very small space, and draws his outline of loveliness upon agitated water:—

“Beauty is neither ideal, nor positive,—neither a dream of poetry, nor an uniform fact. Her bow is a more than ‘triple-coloured bow’—her ensign with more than ‘three listed colours gay.’ Her garland has a hundred different hues: the spell of her fragrance is made up of myriad perfumes;—and the flowers which exhibit the one, and yield the other, are planted everywhere amid the gardens of the world. She is the true Proteus, filling a thousand shapes, and a prophet in them all. If the poet be her minstrel, the sage is her minister; and the heart of man, before the mirror, of a thousand reflections, which Beauty holds up to its gaze, is—like the moon of old, before the magic glass of Pythagoras—compelled, by the spirit of philosophy itself, to receive and acknowledge the impression of *all* the characters which are written on her brow.”

The prints introduce us to more established and material forms, than that which hovers like a reluctant spirit in our quotations. The lady “quiet like a nun,” by Boxall, is the fairest creature we have lately seen: calm, rapt, and with “looks commercing with the skies”; there is no affectation of posture; no studied display of face or hand; all is simple, graceful, and lovely. The verse which accompanies this fair vision, is in all parts elegant, but in several places loses sight of the painter—or attributes to the musing lady more knowledge than an artist can embody:—

Before her rests the scroll, unrolled,
Where every tale of every star
That, on its wheels of molten gold,
Majestically moves afar—
The language of each flower that blows—
The song of every breeze that sings—
The meteor’s mission, as it goes
By, on its burning wings—
And *all* creation’s secrets, stand.

More than amends is made for this dreaminess a few lines further on; the following passage we think worthy of the lady; it reflects her image, (as far as words can do,) sentiment and form:—

How beautiful she looks!—as flowers
When newly touched with heaven’s dew,
Upon her soul the sacred showers
Of truth have fall’n anew!—
She to the fount of life has gone,
To draw forth “water from its wells.”—
And bathed in Jordan, where alone,
The charm of healing dwells!—
The hallowed dove within her breast
Looks through her soft and serious eyes,
And, on her forehead, glimpses rest
Of glory from the skies!

The smiling lady, by the same artist, is less to our taste; had her eyes been closer together, she would have looked more graceful; we dislike a face wearing an eternal smile; a more delicate expression of pleasure is far more satisfactory. The young lady by Wright, who, in the language of Shakspeare, “summons up remembrance of past times,” is scarcely less beautiful than Boxall’s paragon of loveliness, and looks the sentiment to the very letter. The engravers are W. Finden, H. Robinson, and R. A. Artlett; the former and latter had delightful tasks, and have acquitted themselves worthily.

Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern; including the most Popular in the West of England, and the Airs to which they are sung. Also Specimens of French Provincial Carols; with an Introduction and Notes. By William Sandys, F.S.A. London: Beckley.

This is a book which cannot but be welcome to all who love to look back on the manners and customs of their ancestors, or who desire to examine with reverence the relics of a ruder age, still extant in the year of polish and grace one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two. The author has confined his researches to those songs, chiefly of a religious nature, chanted or sung at Christmas; and the examples which he has given are carefully illustrated by a learned and ingenious introduction, which throws much new light on English minstrelsy, and on that species of dramatic literature, known by the name of Moralities. Song had much more to do in former days than now: for this falling off many reasons may be assigned; printing has made knowledge abundant, and the frightful increase of hard labour puts singing out of the people’s heads. But song formerly was heard in all pursuits and professions: the shepherd on his hill—the ploughman at his furrow—the fisherman with his boat—the waggoner with his team—the blacksmith at his anvil—the tailor on his board—the shoemaker on his stool—all cheered their hours of labour with song; and we live not without hope that some enthusiastic antiquarian may arise to gather together the scattered fragments of professional song, and tie them in a garland after the manner of the Christmas Carols of Sandys.

The following picture of Christmas is extracted chiefly from a book called ‘Christmas Entertainments,’ and speaks of England two hundred years ago:—

“There was once upon a time Hospitality in the Land; an English Gentleman at the opening of the great day, had all his Tenants and Neighbours entered his hall by day-break, the strong-beer was broached, and the black-jacks went plentifully about with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese; the rooms were embower’d with holly, ivy, cypress, bays, laurel, and mistletoe, and a bouncing Christmas log in the chimney glowing like the cheeks of a country milk-maid; then was the pewter as bright as *Clarinda*, and every bit of brass as polished as the most refined Gentleman; the Servants were then running here and there, with merry hearts and jolly countenances; every one was busy in welcoming of Guests, and look’d as snug as new-lick’d puppies; the Lasses were as blithe and buxom as the maids in good Queen *Bess*’s days, when they eat sirloins of roast beef for breakfast; *Peg* would scuttle about to make a toast for *John*, while *Tom* run *harum scarum* to draw a jug of ale for *Margery*. And afterwards, ‘This great festival was in former times kept with so much freedom and openness of heart, that every one in the country where a Gentleman resided, possessed at least a day of pleasure in the Christmas holidays; the tables were all spread from the first to the last, the sir-loins of beef, the mince-pies, the plumb-porridge, the capons, turkeys, geese, and plumb-puddings, were all brought upon the board; and all those who had sharp stomachs and sharp knives, eat heartily and were welcome, which gave rise to the proverb, Merry in the Hall, when beads wag all. There were then turnspits employed, who by the time dinner was over, would look as black and as greasy as a Welch porridge-pot, but the

Jacks have since turned them all out of doors. The geese, which used to be fatted for the honest neighbours, have been of late sent to London, and the quills made into pens to convey away the Landlord’s estate; the sheep are drove away to raise money to answer the loss at a game at dice or cards, and their skins made into parchment for deeds and indentures; nay, even the poor innocent bee, who was used to pay its tribute to the Lord once a year at least in good metheglin, for the entertainment of the guests, and its wax converted into beneficial plaisters for sick neighbours, is now used for the sealing of deeds to his disadvantage.”

All these festivities are falling into disuse: we are not alarmed now, as our ancestors were in the days of the Commonwealth, for “superstitious meats and drinks.” The Christmas faggot has ceased to burn—the Christmas ale has ceased to flow; even pudding and mince-pies are becoming obsolete; and a man who has a leaning towards such matters is reckoned peculiar, and one on whom the light of philosophy has been shed in vain. Till within these two years, “plum porridge” was regularly made in the king of England’s palace every Christmas, and distributed as a mark of royal regard among the household dependents: this old custom has ceased: we are sorry that His Majesty should

Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage
His best and dearest friend, Plum Porridge.

These Carols are chiefly collected in the vest of England; they are of very unequal merit; some of them are remarkable for a sort of barren simplicity of language; others are of richer diction, without more elevation of sentiment; while some of them describe the conception and birth of our Saviour in language too direct and graphic for the querulous taste of these our latter days. The following ditty our antiquarian readers may have seen before.

Twelfth Night, or King and Queene.

Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where bean’s the king of the sport here;
Beside we must know,
The pea also
Must revell as queene in the court here.

Begin then to chuse,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfth-day queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurg’d will not drinke,
To the base from the brink,
A health to the king and the queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full
With gentle lambs-wooll;
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too;
And thus ye must doe
To make the wassail a swinger.

Give then to the king
And queene wassailing;
And though with ale ye be whet here,
Yet part ye from hence
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

Sing they such songs as the following in the palace now?

THE STAR SONG; SUNG AT WHITEHALL.

The flourish of music—then followed the song.

1. Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly tongue,
Where is the Babe but lately sprung?
Lies he the lillie-banks among?
2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dew-light: thou canst cleere
All doubts, and manifest the where.

2. Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find him out?

STAR.

No, this ye need not do;
But only come and see Him rest,
A princely Babe, in 's mother's breast.

CHORUS.

He's seen! He's seen! why then around
Let's kiss the sweet and holy ground;
And all rejoice that we have found
A King, before conception, crown'd.

4. Come then, come then, and led us bring
Unto our prettie twelfth-tide King,
Each one his severall offering.

CHORUS.

And when night comes wee'll give him wassailing;
And that his treble honours may be seen,
Wee'll chase him King, and make his mother
Queen.

There are many other curious snatches of song, merry and devout, contained in this volume, and many observations and details interesting to the antiquarian, and instructive to all. We have not room for any further specimens; but we advise all lovers of old poetic lore, or who possess Percy, Scott, and Ritson, to add this volume to the list, for it is not unworthy of being in their company.

Plays:—Theodora; Hortensia; Villario; and A Search after Perfection. By Mrs. A. Mac-taggart. 2nd edit. 2 vols. Valpy.

Mrs. Mactaggart is not unknown to the readers of the *Athenæum*. They were introduced to her 'Memoirs of a Gentlewoman' in our number of the 12th of June, 1830. The volumes before us take higher ground than familiar biography. That Mr. Galt spoke well of *Hortensia*, and Queen Charlotte more than endured the reading of the comedy, is related with much simplicity by the authoress herself:—

"Some circumstances respecting these plays I must mention at the expense of being thought very vain. The late Queen Charlotte, having heard from a lady of her court that I had written some plays, desired to see them. Her ladyship came in a hurry to ask me for them.—I will get them fairly copied as soon as possible," was my reply; but as no time could be allowed me to do so, I gave up the manuscripts in the state they were: nor could the Princess Elizabeth, who read them aloud, avoid sometimes saying, 'I wish, Lady George, your friend wrote a better hand.' This was the only fault found, and the Queen expressed herself so pleased with the comedy, that she desired a copy of it, which of course was given. Soon after this, the celebrated (and most justly so) John Galt, Esq. began a work, entitled, 'The Rejected Theatre,' a collection of plays offered to the managers, who refused to accept them.

"He heard of those sent by me to John Kemble, and desired to read them; which he did, and asked my leave to print them at his own expense. He readily obtained this, as the title under which they were printed produced not any mortification in my mind, that was not done away by the pleasure of seeing myself in print. The four plays in these volumes were printed without my name, being then not vain enough to be fearless of abuse; but Mr. Galt had kindly endeavoured to encourage me by praise at the end of each play, more friendly than just, I doubt. After a time, the work was sent out of England, and I could no longer procure what I had written. This has induced me to engage again in printing, which I hope I shall not repent."

Nor is this the only amusing passage of her preface: the following is as good comedy as we can obtain from any writer of these our latter days:—

"This produced the tragedy of 'Hortensia,' which I shall leave to speak for itself, only observing, that the whole story is a fiction, whereas the subject of *Theodora* is founded on fact. Soon after 'Hortensia' was finished, I met on a visit Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Taylor: it was in the country, and we had many hours to fill up. I was desired to read my two tragedies, *pour passer le tems*, which probably was the most my hearers expected from them; but they were deemed worthy of being offered to the theatres. Mr. Taylor said he would get Sheridan or Mr. John Kemble to read them, and I did not object. I sent them to be fairly copied by a country schoolmaster, who, during the work, came to me, and with many apologies said, he wished to ask me a question, hoping I would not be offended. I bid him take courage, and not fear giving offence. He referred to a speech in 'Theodora,' where a lover says to his mistress,

Couldst thou but read my heart.

"I beg pardon, ma'am, but did you not mean to say my hand?" I kept my countenance with difficulty, and excused myself as well as I could for differing with him in opinion. He added, in a tone somewhat less courageous, 'In *Hortensia*, ma'am, you have written "a storm of hate"; I think you must have meant "a storm of hail." I hastened to say that the word *hate* must be copied, and got rid of the poor man, who sent home my plays, without alterations or emendations, and well written. Whether they were ever read I cannot tell; this I know, I never beheld them again, although Mr. J. Kemble was often applied to for them. I thought myself obliged to Mr. Taylor: no blame could rest on him, and I had no right to claim exemption from the petty evils of life; in fact, it was not any loss—I had copies of them."

As, however, these dramas have appeared heretofore, we do not think it necessary to extend our extracts beyond the preface. There are many easy and pleasing passages in this lady's plays, and now and then both nature and passion in the language. But we are afraid that the affectations and polished urbanities of life have aided in deadening and extinguishing the true fiery and passionate language of the drama. The world is grown too precise and diplomatic to furnish characters and words for the necessary energies of dramatic composition. Besides, we are grown hard to please: we are too well acquainted with Shakspeare and his brethren to be satisfied with aught inferior; consequently, we go reluctantly to the theatre, growl our approbation, and return home discontented. We have no doubt that we should not be less weary watching the representation of one of Mrs. Mactaggart's plays on the stage, than with looking at the dramatic efforts of sundry other writers, whom it is needless to name; we have, however, no desire to make the trial, and are satisfied with the quiet perusal of them in the closet.

Fifty-one Original Fables, with Morals and Ethical Index. Written by Job Crithannah. Embellished with Eighty-five Original Designs by R. Cruickshank. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

The love of Fables has revived in this country. Bewick added some very valuable ones to the national stock, and illustrated them in a style at once simple and graphic. Northcote followed; but the member of the Royal Academy failed to equal either with pen or pencil the rude energy and fine tact of the genius of Newcastle. The Fables of the

present author want the simplicity of the apologues of the olden school; but they are well illustrated, and the moral is sometimes helped out by the tail-piece. The author modestly hopes that five of his Fables will reach posterity; it is not easy to say what posterity may like, but, judging from the past, we think he has some chance of redemption from oblivion to the amount he mentions. The author can be sarcastic at times—the following Fable will touch some of our ladies:—

"Mother," said a young fly in great agitation, "you certainly are in error about the beauty of these persons who are so affronted with us whenever we touch them. I but just now settled on the cheek of a lady of high fashion which appeared to be smooth and natural: but Lord! dear Mother, I thought I should never get back to you again, for I stuck in this filthy red mud; and, with the greatest difficulty I got away: only look at my feet and legs!"

"If they thought themselves so handsome as you say they do, I'm sure they would never cover their faces with such stuff as this!"

The work is a beautiful specimen of typography, and illustrated with no less than eighty-five original designs by Robert Cruickshank, many of them of great excellence.

Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures. No. IV.

THE present number contains the 'St. John in the Wilderness,' by A. Caracci, from the National Gallery—'A Dutch Lady,' by F. Bol—and 'The Market Waggon,' by Gainsborough. Of the merit of the engravings we have spoken heretofore, but we must make an extract or two from the letter-press. Of the Dutch painters, Mr. Cunningham, with admirable discrimination, observes—

The Dutch masters "have offended Fuseli and other teachers of the grand style, not only by embalming in exquisite and lasting colours common and unpoetic pursuits, but by their neglect of the scientific principles of historic art—the bounding line of the human figure, and the harmonious union of all its parts. Those who dislike the masters of the Dutch school must mean that they are averse to any representation of ordinary nature, for they cannot surely desire to see the academic rules of beauty employed on those homely subjects which their brethren have so frequently embodied. The followers of Rembrandt seem to have imitated him less than they did common life. Though not ignorant of scientific rules of beauty and proportion, they went out with their palettes among the hamlets and cottages of the land, and took nature as they found it. A cottage in which an old woman sat spinning; or trimmed her evening fire; or prepared her frugal meal, was to them at once a subject and an academy; and the limit of their ambition was to transfer it to canvas in perfect reality and truth. That they were right no one can doubt who knows how wide the range of art is; for painting, like poetry, has many classes, all capable of seizing the feeling of mankind. So far then from insulting, like Fuseli, the painters of domestic happiness and household thrift, we ought to be pleased that artists are found who turn to such themes from matters stern and tragic, and produce humble but not unlovely things to please such hearts as care not to be moved alone by poetic grandeur, or dazzled by historic magnificence."

"Those who look carefully at the works of the masters of the Dutch school, will see the peculiar character and manners of the people stamped on every picture. Their portraits are not merely well-dressed images of the listless and the idle, nor their household groups bevy of men and women

sitting in attitude, all looking carefully towards the point of light, like people anxious about their portraits:—they are always employed: every one is doing something that requires to be done, and doing it neatly and gracefully. A Dutch painter would feel as much ashamed to represent the ladies of the land idle, as they would to be caught slumbering over their knitting or their embroidery. Hence, in all the pictures of the States there is no idleness; the women are busied generally in some becoming office, and the men are either at work or the wine cup: they keep moving. They have no men sitting and neither working nor thinking, like some of our island portraits; nor have they such a thing as a pattern-lady—on whose fine shape dress-makers display their costliest silks and rarest fashions."

There is much truth in the following: when speaking of Gainsborough's beautiful Landscape, he observes—

"The upper part of the wood is tenanted by a horde of gypsies; their asses are grazing among the glades: the party-coloured coverings of their wandering camp are visible among the shafts of the trees, and a thin and scarcely distinguished smoke curls slowly away amid the boughs of the forest. This is one of the painter's marks to indicate great natural beauty of scene; he knew that the taste of that roving people was, as far as regarded a feeling for the charms of external nature, essentially poetic. If a lovely spot lies within seven miles of their line of march, there will they fix their tents and make their abode for the night; were landscape painters to follow their footsteps, and paint the scenes in which they establish themselves—they could not fail to produce a series of fine poetic compositions."

A Discourse, delivered at the Sixteenth Anniversary of the Framlingham District Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in the Parish Church of Framlingham, Sept. 17, 1832. By Richard Brudenell Exton. Woodbridge: Loder; London: Rivingtons.

It has been the pleasure of the Rector of Athelington to write his Discourse in verse rather than in prose: we are not sure that the choice is a happy one: prose is much more pliable in all matters—profane or holy—than verse, and has the advantage of being better understood by all to whom it is addressed. The reverend poet has, however, maintained a strict simplicity of manner: he uses the language of Scripture without much change, and avoids all adventurous flights of fancy or fiery vehemence of diction. The conclusion of his Discourse will give our readers a not unfavourable specimen of the whole, and they can then form their own opinion:—

Now is this cloud dispell'd—now the spirit
That would close the Word of Life is tornal
'Gainst immortal souls is laid for ev'!
Now shall your Teachers be remov'd no more;
Whose counsel is—(as workmen needing not
To be ashamed,)—that ye may understand,
And see, and know their truth and faith unfeign'd,—
Search the Scriptures! and whose desire
And zealous care it is to minister
Of "all appliances and means to boot;"
Here a little, there a little—precept
On precept, line on line—till all around
Shall come unto the knowledge of the Truth,
And unto the measure of the stature
Of Christ's fulness—unto the perfect man!
Here then I rest my plea. If any love,
If any consolation, any comfort
Dwell in you of Christ; or with the Spirit
Any fellowship! or tow'rd your brethren
Any mercies; fold ye our joy—be
Ye with us like minded. To us impart
Your willing hand, that you may strengthen our's.

If to the God of Mercies you pour out
Your hearts in grateful praises for his Love
Inestimable, shown in your redemption,
For means of grace, and for your hope of glory;
O let the seal of your sincerity
Appear in deeds of love to them that are
Without—by zeal, by active charity,
By unity of purpose in the work
Of making these partakers of your faith—
The glory of PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

Had this poem been written on any other subject, we might have insisted on more boldness in the handling, and more melody in the language. No doubt, a desire to use the precise words of the inspired book was sorely in the way of the harmony; and a fear of offending against the apostles, impeded the march of imagination.

The History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley; to which is appended a condensed Physical Geography of the Atlantic United States, and the whole American Continent. By Timothy Flint.

[Second Notice.]

THE vale of the Thames and the vale of the Mississippi are famous in England and America: they are, however, a little different in limits as well as looks. The former is a small portion of a small island; the latter a vast province of a mighty, and all but boundless country: the stream which gives a name to the British vale runs a course of two hundred and eighteen miles, and may measure in width some six or eight hundred yards;—the river which lends a name to the Transatlantic valley runs a course of three thousand five hundred and thirty-six miles, and measures thirty miles and odd wide where it unites with the ocean. The one is increased by a few small streams, and runs through a cultivated country inhabited by a highly-civilized people;—the other collects and scarcely appears augmented by the waters of a hundred rivers, some of which—the Ohio, for instance, of itself an inland sea, running through a vast tract of country, part cultivated, part wild—reflect on their bosoms the wigwam and the city, the painted savage and the educated American. We pursue our comparison no further, but proceed to give our readers some notion of the vast valley of the Mississippi—a country fit for founding an empire in. Of its extent, the traveller enables us to form some estimate, by stating that those who commence their voyage up the river in spring, will leave the flowers and shrubs flourishing and verdant at New Orleans, and, out-travelling the progress of the season, find the buds on the trees of the Ohio just beginning to swell;—in returning, during the autumn, when the trees of Pittsburgh are bared by the frost, those of Cincinnati will be in the yellow leaf, while at Natchez the orchards will appear in their summer livery. "We have noted this beautifully-graduated and inverted scale of the seasons," says Mr. Flint, "more than once in ascending and descending these rivers."

This vast valley is productive as well as extensive: Nature has not poured so noble a river through a barren land: the soil is generally deep, and capable of the richest culture;—geologically speaking, it is of secondary formation, with here and there round rough lumps of granite tumbled out of place. The remains of the ancient forests are still visible on the upper grounds; on the lower, cities have arisen, and orchards

and gardens are spread far and wide; while the axe and the spade have penetrated to the distant mountains, among which the tributary rivers arise. In addition to what can be reared by the industry of man, nature has given innumerable salt springs; nitre is found almost pure; sulphates of iron and alumine are plentiful; gypsum is common, though little used; a stone of a blood colour, more lucid than marble, is much in request, and plentiful; the ores of copper and of zinc are often found, and mines are now wrought; lead, likewise, has been discovered, and iron is manufactured from the native ores. Neither gold nor silver has been found, though said to exist among the mountains.

Of the original races who inhabited this splendid valley, the author gives us a clear and brief account: they amounted once to sixty tribes, and were a numerous people; but war and intoxication have united in thinning them. Their natural desire of living an unshackled and savage life, seems to be little affected by the examples of civilization around them. Their colour is not exactly that of copper, nor yet is it wholly red; it is darker than pure copper, and comes near the colour of smoke-dried bacon. The following picture is from the pencil of Mr. Flint:—

"The forehead is broad, and almost invariably retiring in a small degree. We scarcely remember to have noticed a projecting forehead. The nose is prominent, and the base of the nostrils has a remarkable expansion; and in the male it is more commonly aquiline than otherwise. The lips are intermediate between the common thinness of the whites and thickness of the negroes. The cheek bones are high, and marked; and the face, in the line below the eyes, uncommonly wide; and on this part of the face is strongly impressed the contour that marks the Indian variety of the human countenance. The eyes are almost invariably black; but of a shade of blackness very distinct from what we call such in the whites. We have the black eye of Italians and Spaniards, which has a colour and expression unlike the black eye of the Indians. There is something in their gait, too, apart from the crookedness of their legs, their dress, or their manner of placing their feet the one before the other, which enables us, at a great distance, to distinguish an advancing Indian from a white.

"The squaw has a distinctly female conformation, and a delicacy of rounding in the limbs, as distinct from the harsher and more muscular and brawny form of the male, still more strongly marked, than in our race. It seems a refutation, directly in point, of the system of those female philosophers, who have asserted that the frailer form of the female was only owing to their want of exposure and the early gymnastic habits of the male. It is notorious that the squaws are the drudges, the animals of burden, among this race, from their infancy. But they have the female delicacy of limb, and contour of joint, and slenderness of hand and foot, notwithstanding, as distinctly marked as if they had been reared in indolence and luxury. The legs have the same curve with those of the male. We have scarcely seen an instance where the female face was not broad and oval. The nose is flattened, scarcely ever aquiline, and for the most part resembles that of the negro. They have a much greater uniformity of face, in this respect, than the male. The effluvia effused from their bodies, both male and female, when in high perspiration, has been often remarked by observers to be less disagreeable, than that of other races, in similar circumstances. Some have

supposed this to arise from their almost universal use of unguents from fragrant herbs; others that they have a less copious and disagreeable perspiration. Be the cause what it may, all people, who have been much among the Indians, agree in the fact."

Our author removes the veil which poetry has long hung over these wild and irclaimable races:—

"As a race, they have countenances that are generally unjoyous, stern, and ruminating. It is with them either gloomy taciturnity or bacchanalian revel. When you hear Indians laughing, you may generally infer that they are intoxicated. An Indian seldom jests; generally speaks low, and under his breath: and loquacity is with him an indication of being a trifling personage, and of deeds inversely less as his words are more. * * * From this general remark we ought, perhaps, to except the squaw, who shows some analogy of nature to the white female. She has quicker sensibilities, is more easily excited; and when out of sight of her husband or her parents, to whom these things are matters of espionage and of after-reprehension, she laughs and converses, and seems conscious of a pleasurable existence.

"The males evidently have not the quick sensibilities, the acute perceptions of most other races. They do not easily or readily sympathize with external nature. None but an overwhelming excitement can arouse them. * * * They are apparently a sullen, melancholy, and musing race, who appear to have whatever they have of emotion or excitement, on ordinary occasions going on in the inner man. Every one has remarked how little surprise they express for whatever is new, strange, or striking. Their continual converse with woods, rocks, and sterile deserts, with the roar of winds and storms, and the solitude and gloom of the wilderness; their apparent exile from social nature; their alternations of satiety and hunger; their continual exposure to danger; their uncertain existence; their constant struggle with nature to maintain it; the little hold which their affections seem to have upon life; the wild, savage, and hostile nature that incessantly surrounds them;—these circumstances seem to have impressed a steady and unalterable gloom upon their countenances. If there be, here and there among them, a young man who feels the freshness and vivacity of youthful existence, and shows anything of the gaiety and volatility of other animals in such circumstances, though otherwise born to distinction, he is denounced as a trifling thing; and the silent and sullen young savage will naturally take the place of him. They seem to be born with an instinctive determination to be, as much as possible, independent of nature and society, and to concentrate, as much as possible, within themselves an existence, which at any moment they seem willing to lay down.

"Their impassable fortitude and endurance of suffering, their contempt of pain and death, invest their character with a kind of moral grandeur. It is to be doubted whether some part of this vaunted stoicism be not the result of a more than ordinary degree of physical insensibility. It has been said, with how much truth we know not, that in amputation, and other surgical operations, their nerves do not shrink, or show the same tendency to spasm, with those of the whites. When the savage, to explain his insensibility to cold, called upon the white man to recollect how little his own face was affected by it, in consequence of constant exposure, the savage added, 'my body is all face.' This increasing insensibility, transmitted from generation to generation, finally becomes inwrought with the whole web of animal nature, and the body of the savage at last approximates the insensibility of the hoofs of horses. Considering

the necessary condition of savage existence, this temperament is the highest boon of Providence. Of course no ordinary stimulus excites them to action. Few of the common motives, excitements, or endearments, operate upon them at all. Most of the things that move us, they either do not feel, or hold in proud disdain. The horrors of their dreadful warfare; the infernal rage of their battles; the demoniac fury of gratified revenge; the alternations of hope and despair in their gambling, to which they are addicted, even beyond the whites; the brutal exhilaration of drunkenness—these are their pleasurable excitements. These are the things that awaken them to a strong and joyous consciousness of existence. When these excitements arouse the imprisoned energies of their long and sullen meditations, it is like Æolus uncaging the whirlwinds. The tomahawk flies with un pitying and unsparing fury; and the writhing of their victims inspires a horrible joy. Let the benevolent make every exertion to ameliorate their character and condition. Let Christianity arouse every effort to convey her pity, mercy, and immortal hopes to their rugged bosoms. But surely it is preposterous to admire the savage character in the abstract. Let us never undervalue the comfort and security of municipal and civilized life, nor the sensibilities, charities, and endearments of our own homes. The happiness of savages, steeped against sympathy and feeling, at war with nature, with the elements, and with each other, can have no existence, except in the visionary dreaming of those who never contemplated their actual condition."

The character of the christian or white population Mr. Flint discusses at some length: and we shall take an early opportunity of advert ing to the subject.

The Splendid Village, Corn Law Rhymes, and other Poems. By Ebenezer Elliott. London: Steill.

HAVING so lately drawn attention to the genius of the writer, and extracted so largely from this very work, we have now only to announce the publication, and anxiously to hope for its success.

The American Almanac, for the Year 1833. Boston: Gray & Bowen; London, Kennett.

THIS work contains much valuable information relating to the government, laws, finance, and commerce of the United States, and to the local improvements going on in different parts of the country. The conductors, too, claim some merit for the labour bestowed on the astronomical department, and the notice of foreign countries; but we are of opinion, that had these departments been considerably abridged, and the space occupied by an account of the literary and scientific institutions, and the means and condition of education in the different states, which is promised for next year, the work would have been of far greater value.

Essay on the Natural History, Origin, Composition and Medicinal Effects of Mineral and Thermal Springs, by Meredith Gardner, M.D.

THERE are few modern works on this subject, of any value. Dr. Gardner has here condensed an immense number of most useful facts, with a great deal of talent and industry. A better arrangement would have been desirable, but we are so fully aware of the difficulty of finding one, that we are not disposed to raise an objection upon the subject. The work cannot fail to be useful.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

PIERPONT'S DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF DR. SPURZHEIM.

Sung at the Funeral, Nov. 17th, in Boston, by the Handel and Haydn Society.

STRANGER, there is bending o'er thee
Many an eye with sorrow wet;
All our stricken hearts deplore thee;
Who that knew thee, can forget?
Who forget what thou hast spoken?
Who, thine eye—thy noble frame?
But that golden bowl is broken
In the greatness of thy fame.

Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither,
On the spot where thou shalt rest;
'Tis in love we bear thee hither,
To thy mourning mother's breast.
For the stores of science brought us,
For the charm thy goodness gave,
For the lessons thou hast taught us,
Can we give thee but a grave?

Nature's priest, how pure and fervent
Was thy worship at her shrine!
Friend of man—of God the servant,
Advocate of truths divine!
Taught and charmed as by no other
We have been, and hoped to be;
But while waiting round thee, brother,
For thy light—'tis dark with thee.

Dark with thee!—no, thy Creator,
All whose creatures and whose laws
Thou didst love, shall give thee greater
Light than earth's, as earth withdraws.
To thy God thy godlike spirit
Back we give, in filial trust:
Thy cold clay—we grieve to bear it
To its chamber—but we must!

EXTRACTS FROM A LADY'S LOG-BOOK.

(NOT KEPT FOR THE ADMIRALTY.)
[Continued from p. 778.]

—HITHERTO I have spoken of the agreeable side of a sea life; to-day and yesterday, from being unwell, I have done little, but say with Mariana in 'The Moated Grange,' "I am aweary, aweary." There is both comfort and discomfort in knowing that one shall be weary and unwearied, well and unwell, sick and unsick of every thing and person on board, full twice a week before the voyage ends. An active mind may counteract much of this; but much will yet remain, the consequence of varying wind and wave. The ear becomes fretted with the ceaseless sound of "many waters;" the eye aches with traversing their monotonous expanse; and the mind is perfectly fevered for want of one retired spot, one moment's perfect stillness. Now is the time to be tormented with longings after English green-lanes—English hay-fields—anything, but the universal *brininess* that makes all one eats, drinks, touches, breathes, thinks, and feels—*salt*. Now is the time to adventure a new reading of Shakspeare, and vow that Hamlet had an eye to a sea voyage, when he exclaimed—"Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!" Now, one gets uncharitable, and reverses the good-day impression of one's fellow passengers. Now, one votes that the band (their instruments, at least) be thrown overboard; that the piano in the next cabin do follow them; that the musical snuff-boxes, together with their owners, be sent either to the hold or to the main-top. Now, are the excellent breakfasts and dinners turned away from with distaste; and now, does the crazed appetite sympathize with the South American woman, when she longed "to pick the little bones of a little Tapoona boy's head." Now, are the steward and cook perplexed with the strange and diverse fancies of the ailing passengers.

Since I have been unwell, Sea-Kitty has been induced to alter the tack of her consolations. The *shirks* and the dolphins being all too briny for my taste, she started off into a vein of very fair prose poetry, touching the fruits of Madeira, reminiscences of English wild flowers, and a certain Christmas day, spent among the caves of Ellora. CHRISTMAS Day in India! a hot CHRISTMAS Day!

— My first squall, and my second Sunday at sea. About midnight, I was awakened by what appeared the noise of a forest of wild beasts let loose overhead. The wind—it seemed as if I had never heard wind before,—whilst the sea looked more than enough disposed

To come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow.

Add to this, rolling, lurching, pitching, heaving, and groaning on the part of the ship, and I fancied I had good right to be alarmed. Presently, suspecting what might happen, in walked Mrs. —, in what she called her storm-dressing gown, with a nonchalance that might have comforted any one. "It's nothing, just nothing at all, Mem."

"Then what is something?"

"Why when all the things that are lashed down, break loose in a moment—when the sea comes over the hammock rails—when—" and she drew such a picture of a real storm and of what she termed "a hurricane," that my squall was certainly constrained to hide its diminished head. Presently the wind lowered; I grew calm, and she went below, "just to look round if any of the people were leaving port-holes open that ought to be shut; passengers don't know any better at first."

Divine service was not held till the next evening, and in the cuddy (large dining cabin)—I could not personally attend, but, by leaving the door ajar, I could hear, and never did the celebration of Divine Service, whether in rustic church, crowded chapel, or gorgeous cathedral, come home so much to my heart and understanding. Doubtless there were personal reasons why the voice of "the white-robed priest" should affect me peculiarly, but there was much to solemnize and affect of a more general nature. Floating over the waters, severed from all communion with our fellow beings on land, we were yet, by the words we uttered, the feelings we experienced, the blessings we prayed for, and many of the evils we asked deliverance from, one with every Christian assembly and church in the world.

— I have been thinking much of various poetical descriptions of the sea, and in most I am struck with what, for want of a better term, I must be allowed to call *fresh-water-ism*. Now that I am really out at sea, I try in vain to realize those fancies which make it the abode of mermaids and men; of rocks strewn with pearls; caves abounding with

Jasper, and agate, and almandine,

fretted roofs, sparry pillars, golden thrones, and ten thousand other items illustrative of a palace, a jeweller's shop, a fancy ball, and a bazaar. The sea, even when calm and shining, strikes me as too grand, too stern, too real, to be connected with anything that is *pretty*. We know almost as little of the depths of ocean as we do of the depths of eternity—of which it is a great and awful emblem. It is singular, because the Jews could have only a limited acquaintance with it, that some of the scriptural expressions concerning the sea, have a truth, force, and majesty alone worthy of the object. An expression in Jeremiah is wonderfully precise;—

"Though the waves thereof *toss themselves*"—thus describing that separate and individual motion of each billow, which they have from the greatest to the least. The continuous rolling is the result of all this individual "tossing," and so independent are the movements, that

one might fancy every particular wave to have a particular will. The *heaving* is of the mass beneath, and comes in voluminous rolls as of hills in motion; on the surface of these are the waves, that, far as the eye can reach, take a sharp, angular, spiral form, till the whole resembles an army of spear-heads in motion. The phrase used in the Prophet Jonah, "The sea wrought and was very tempestuous," may seem naked to those not on the element, but to any in the condition of Jonah's shipmaster, there will be a power surpassing hyperbole, in the graphic simplicity of the expression, "the sea wrought." In the forty-sixth, or, as it is often called, in Luther's Psalm, there is a beautiful touch concerning the ocean, which never struck me when on land. After declaring that "we will not be moved though the waters roar and be troubled, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof"—the writer suddenly takes comfort from a thought couched in the form of a simile, which has a beautiful connexion with the preceding description—"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God." He must have been tossed, stunned, wearied, if not endangered on the deep, before he could have imagined this exquisite transition to the peace, the refreshing, and the stability of an inland river, "wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby."

— With all my salt-water babble, I have said nothing of the *mode* in which a day slips from one—I dare not say the mode of employing a day, for, in truth, the instances are few, of persons achieving much on shipboard. If you worked the ship, there would be occupation and interest: as a mere passenger, the business of the vessel goes on before your eyes, like a cabalistic process; and if danger really arose, you would have to lie still, listening to every species of noise, command, and effort, with the comfortable conviction, that if you go to the bottom, you will hardly understand the *how* or the *why*. "But how do you pass your time?" inquires some one. Why, those who have canaries air and feed them; those who have legs, sea legs, I mean, use them by the hour; those who have cigars, smoke them by legions; those who have appointments in the service, compare them; those who have not been in India, ask questions, which those who have been there, answer; those who have books, borrow and lend, oftener than read them; those who have appetites, (and happy are they,) eat; those who have the power, (and they are yet happier,) sleep; those who have minds, (and they are happiest of all,) think, and are the better for it. Ladies have many advantages in this cooped up life. They have, even here, chests of drawers to arrange, disarrange, and re-arrange; they have muslin to hem, caps to quill, their outfits to discuss, and new tunes to play till they become old. They have been trained to sit still, or to walk in a style that resembles sitting still in motion. Moreover, they are not required to *shave*, and in a rolling sea.

— Off Madeira. Strange that a spot wherein none of us has a single acquaintance, should be looked forward to as a perfect land of Canaan. "When we get to Madeira," has either begun or ended every body's third sentence for the last two days, coupled of course with some appropriate scheme. "Lots of grapes"—"The Nunery"—"A long ride on mules"—"Clothes washed"—"Wine"—"Parties"—&c. &c. Now, when I get to Madeira, I will be put in a garden so thickly planted, that everything shall be shut out, particularly Capt. Basil Hall's "element of which one never tires." I will rejoice in being once more on the solid, solid earth; I will endeavour to get to some place so still, so re-

tired, so perfectly free from *sights*, that I might say with truth—

A Convent, ev'n a hermit's cell
Would break the silence of this dell.

After that—the sea again, with fresh spirits, renewed energy, and revived health. Meanwhile, —nearly a calm tries the patience and wastes time;—yet is the moonlit sea like a vast plain studded with glow-worms; and the noonday sea like lapis lazuli, flecked with silver.

OH, MAID OF THE TWEED.

An Emigrant's Song.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

Oh, Maid of the Tweed! wilt thou travel with me
To the wilds of South Africa, far o'er the sea,
Where the blue mountains tow'r in the beautiful
clime,
Hung round with huge forests all hoary with
time?
I'll build thee a cabin beside the clear fount,
Where it leaps into light from the heart of the
mount,
Ere yet its young footsteps have found the fair
meads,
Where 'mong the tall lilies the antelope feeds.
Our cottage shall stand by the evergreen wood,
Where the lory and turtle-dove rear their young
brood,
And the golden-plumed parouquet waves his
bright wings
On the bough where the green monkey gambols
and swings:
With the high rocks behind us, the valley before,
The hills on each side with our flocks speckled
o'er,
And the far-sweeping river oft glancing between,
With the heifers reclined on its margins of green.
There, rich in the wealth which a bountiful soil
Pours forth to repay the blithe husbandman's
toil;
Content with the present, at peace with the past;
No cloud on the future our joys to o'ercast;
Like our patriarch sires in the good olden day,
The heart we'll keep young, though the temples
were gray;
While love's olive plants round our table shall
rise,
Engrafted with hopes that bear fruit in the skies.

PROFESSOR ROSETTI'S NEW THEORY.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR.—Glancing the other day over 'Rosetti sullo Spirito Antipapale dei Classichi Antichi d'Italia,' I lamented to see the whole of an octavo volume devoted to the establishment of a theory which even the ingenious author does not venture to affirm correct. I met just afterwards with some 'Remarks' on the Disquisitioni. The author is anonymous, but his position is one which seems to me far more tenable than that of General Chasé. Yet it is not so strong as it might have been made. We surely ought not to abandon the palpable meaning of the larger portion of the works of the greater Italian poets, in order, by a theory of improbabilities, to render lucid certain obscure passages. These abound in all old writers, and in many of a later date than Dante or Petrarch; but their existence is no more a proof that the opinions of the professor are valid, than it is of the appearance of a comet. If the evidence of the existence of Laura be correct, or irrefutable in the way it has come to us, all that Rosetti advances falls to the ground. His best plan was to overturn existing opinions or the testimony which we have of this and similar facts, and then to build up his superstructure upon the ruins, instead of erecting a gay and elegant building upon a foundation of sand. It is impossible not to admire the ingenuity of

Rosetti's work, and to pronounce him no common man, while the conviction of the uselessness of his labour stares us in the face. To borrow from Shakspeare, "he might as well go about to turn the sun to ice, by fanning in his face with a peacock's feather," as prove the truth of his system by all he has yet advanced in its support.

The censures of the early writers of Italy directed against the licentiousness of the times and the Pope, are no proof of their holding anti-catholic opinions. If history be consulted, we find the Guelfs and Ghibellines, the adherents of the Pope and the Emperor, with the sword constantly drawn, yet both parties thinking themselves zealous catholics, and the temporal and spiritual powers never confounded. Dante was a Ghibelline, and most of the minds then in advance of their time, saw the usurpation of the temporal crown by the Pope, and its consequences, as we should now, with justifiable indignation. Ecclesiastics were not spared when they became agents of papal ambition. Euzius did not hesitate to seize or drown the bishops who were going to arm the Christian world against Frederic. The Popes fomented rebellions in states the princes of which were opposed to them, and filled Europe with blood and slaughter. Such an ill use of spiritual influence was quite enough to array against them the censures of all wise and good men. If we were to argue that these Italian writers were not sound catholics because they opposed papal usurpation, we may equally call Chaucer a heretic because he beat a friar in Fleet Street. Why might we not engraft upon the professor's plan, an illustration of the British poet? He was at Genoa, perhaps visited Arqua, in 1372, before Petrarch's death, and might easily have been united with this literary, or rather politico-amatory free-masonry, this grotesque *setta d'amore*.

There seem to be two kinds of obscurity in these Italian authors, the one confined to the mode of writing, arising out of the fashion of the Troubadours intermingling allegory and passion. Every knight had "a sovereign lady of his thoughts." The "love of God and the ladies," (says Velly, tom. iv. p. 9.) was one of the first lessons of chivalry. Hence the ladies figure foremost in the writings of these great poets: Beatrice, Mandetta di Tolosa, Laura, and others, are instances of this, so obvious that they need not be dwelt upon. Romantic love was the fashion, each poet having his mistress, in many cases most devotedly loved by him. No one sane will say that the love poetry of that time is a continuation of Egyptian symbols under another form, by a sect of illuminati; and that for love we must read politics. Yet does the professor's theory involve an absurdity as gross as this. With incredible diligence he seizes upon the faintest shadows that appear in favour of his system, and gives them body, skipping over the strong points against him, even those furnished by history and by nature itself. The second kind of obscurity arises from the religious dogmas of the time in which these authors lived; these are, it is granted, difficult to clear up, but they do not interfere with historical fact. Dante is thought by some to have adopted a part of his creed from the 'Sermo de verbis Apostolorum,' and 'Confessions of St. Augustine,' or else from the Platonists; but has the professor proved these suppositions to be erroneous, and his own to be correct?

That the love poetry of the Troubadours and early Italian poets, and indeed that of poets of a later date, was the symbolic language of a faction, old as the pyramids, and in existence so recently as the French revolution,—in fact, that all the great writers were united in the cause of liberty, and communicated it in amatory verse to conceal their object, so that even the

"love courts" were political clubs, are the ideas of the professor. The writings of Dante commence a new era in the mystery, and so on. Beatrice is of course an ideal being in one sense, and the daughter of Portinari, flesh and blood, in another. Dante's beatification of his mistress, his idealities respecting her, and his allegorical mystery at the conclusion of the Divina Commedia, are enlisted as proofs of the professor's theory, and made pregnant with elucidations of the new system by which it is to be presumed the professor imagines the flame of liberty has been kept unextinguished in the world. Our Elizabethan poets must have belonged to this society, Spenser in particular; and how can we except the loveable and loving Sidney?

It will be granted by the most dull of apprehension, who consider the historical circumstances which have been recorded respecting Dante, that the great poet (we are informed by a contemporary, he was, when young, of a most amorous disposition,) fell in love with Beatrice, who was very young, and saw in her, through his enthusiastic fancy, every ideal perfection. She was, in his eyes, the model of human virtues, almost of the divine. When she was dead, and Dante, by the advice of friends, whose advice in amatory matters is always injurious, married a Xantippe, his new situation served yet more to impress his mind with the excellencies of Beatrice—what is to limit the imagination of a great poet! In his retired, meditative, and melancholy moments, she appeared an angel in his sight, and her image was rendered still more effective from her belonging to the "perished past." Can it be wondered at, that he whose inventive powers could paint the Inferno, should embody Beatrice with things which relate to another and a better being in the manner he has done? The cherished memory of Beatrice became the pole-star of his genius. Byron's love for Miss Chaworth was an abstraction something like it in character. She was his earliest love, and the impression made by a first love is not erased in after-life, but deepened with time. Had Miss Chaworth not survived her "teens" she would have been more mingled with Byron's poetry than she is at present. We love past and old things more because they are beyond our reach, and brighten them in our recollection the further they retrograde. Dante's moody temperament and troubled life, connected with his mighty imagination, did the rest. This is an easy and natural mode of accounting for that which Professor Rosetti has, with so much pains, himself involved in a labyrinth of difficulties, by endeavouring to disentangle.

It would be a work of too much labour to compare passage with passage in these poets that militate against those which the Professor so adroitly brings forward in favour of his theory. The writer of the "Remarks" has shown how easily this may be done. I confine myself to the proofs which are obvious from historical information, and from simple nature itself, against a theory so absurdly ingenious.

To Petrarch we see the same reasoning and simple inference may be applied. Laura was unattainable—the wife of another; Petrarch's was also a hopeless love. The author of the "Remarks" has indisputably shown that, to a woman who was earthborn, many of the allusions of Dante could not belong—that they are applied to the Holy Virgin, unless, indeed, we admit as a mortal, if the theory of the Professor be correct; notwithstanding, he admits her existence, for Petrarch left proof enough of that in his own handwriting, as he recorded the day of the month and hour of her decease in the same book in which he afterwards entered the death of his son. His passion for Laura is so described, that affection or love of the most

intense character was never so truly and naturally painted by any poet, making allowance for the sentiments of the romantic age in which he lived. Who, but the professor, would attempt to convince those who have read this ardent poet lover, that all he has written was in *gergo*, a mystery or jargon, in which political sentiments were conveyed! It is impossible; reason revolts at it, and nature is outraged by the supposition. Duplicity, if so, must have been a most prevailing sin in those days, and reached a perfection of evil, scarcely equalled in ours.

Dante says, Guido Guinicelli, who died when he, Dante, was but eleven years of age, was his father in the art of making *love verses*.† Could the great poet have intended by "love verses" the revelation of the "mysteries" of Rosetti? Again, there is exquisite purity and delicacy of thought in all which Dante and Petrarch have written of their mistresses, when the age and manners then prevalent are considered. This was not the case with Boccaccio and others, whose mystical language was part of the same system, as Professor Rosetti would make us believe, and their mysteries are anyway but delicately couched. How are the lines of Guido Cavalcanti, beginning—

In un boschetto trovai pastorella,
Più che la stella bella al mio parere. &c.

to be esteemed Platonic, when they are almost too broad for an Italian, as they are decidedly too gross for an English ear. Mandetta di Tolosa was another impersonation of the kind which the Professor imagines Laura and Beatrice to have been. Her praises are not very delicately sung. She is a being of clay—this is clear enough. Writing of Guido Cavalcanti, Foscolo observes, that his commentators—no less than seven in number—some in Latin and some in Italian, paraded their metaphysics upon his poem on the Nature of Love, and the more they wrote, the more unintelligible the text became!

Things in harmony with nature and probability, having the support of history, cannot be shaken; though surrounded with obscure allusions, they stand out in relief; while the obscurities may be taken in any sense by ingenious commentators. In the great writers alluded to, the obscurities are not primary, they form but a secondary part of their works.

Professor Rosetti's theory includes the earliest times, as well as our own, in his mysterious, political, love-disguised system. Long after Dante or Petrarch, Michel Angelo must be supposed to write in *gergo*, in the sonnet (which I once rendered for my friend Foscolo), beginning,

Occhi miei siate certi—

as well as the verses commencing

Ma non potea se non summa bellezza.

Foscolo would certainly smile, were he alive, at Rosetti's theory, though he would extol his learning and labour; for, learned and laborious he is, and an honour to Italian literature, but too much imbued with speculative ideas. He adopts an opinion, makes it a *point d'appui* in a moment, strengthens it with materials of every kind, and forms the whole into a brilliant exhibition of his skill: no matter if his theory be absurd, his support of it is characterized by the same diligence and learning. He never troubles himself with the thought, that it is all (to borrow from Grotius,) but "laborious trifling;" and he leaves off after his toil, with the honest confession that his work is not proof against attack, or, as the lawyers say, "his case is not clear."

I should not have presumed to make these observations on one so much my superior in learning, did they not arise out of objections plain to any one who is acquainted with the general bearing of the subject. From the Profes-

† See the Purgatorio, Canto XXII, and the last eleven stanzas: How do they agree with the Professor's theory? Is Guinicelli there a poet or a politician?

tor's knowledge of his native literature, it may well be supposed few are so capable of discussing those points which turn upon the meaning of his own language, or upon the use of those stores of literary labour which Italy possesses. The general question is different. Petrarch and Laura—Dante and Beatrice, are cherished images of love, even in this northern land. We cannot afford to lose our associations respecting them for any price save that of truth, and the more when they are historically correct, agreeing so exactly with inferences drawn from the impulses of our nature, the same in all ages. Finally, I trust Professor Rosetti will pardon the freedom of my remarks, when I acknowledge with how much esteem and respect I regard him, as a man and a scholar.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
C. REDDING.

Dec. 13, 1832.

JEAN BAPTISTE SAY.

THIS eminent writer, whose death took place at Paris on the 14th of last month, was born in Lyons in the year 1767, and descended from a family of no mean celebrity in the commercial world. They were of the same extraction as the Saye and Sele family; the common ancestor of both being *William de Say*, who passed over from Normandy under the banners of William the Conqueror.—Say was destined by his family to be a merchant, and the knowledge thus acquired proved of no little avail to him in after life, when he devoted himself to the study of Political Economy. Being introduced to the celebrated Mirabeau, the latter quickly discovered the abilities of his young friend, and employed him in editing the '*Courrier de Provence*,' and continuing his '*Lettres à ses Commettans*.' After this, he was appointed Secretary to Clavière, the French minister of Finance. We next find him connected with Champfort and Guingéné in the '*Décade Philosophique, Littéraire, et Politique*;' which made its first appearance in 1794, and was the parent of the present '*Revue Encyclopédique*.' Champfort was unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the Committee of Public Safety, and weak enough to destroy himself in prison; Guingéné, too, one of the most elegant of French scholars, was, likewise, confined with his fellow-labourers, Roucher and Andrew Chénier. Say, though thus left single-handed, was too firm to abandon the good work which he had undertaken; and he, therefore, enlisted Andrieux, Amaury, Duval, and others, in his cause. Upon the departure of Bonaparte for Egypt, Say was deputed to select the publications intended for the use of the *savans* who accompanied that memorable expedition; and, when the hero of the Pyramids found his way back, and invested himself with the dignity of First Consul, he conferred the appointment of Tribune on Say, whose qualifications, as it subsequently appeared, were not peculiarly adapted for such an office. He had a strong aversion for the selfish and arbitrary principles which the government of that day began to unfold, and it has been said, that he could ill brook the growing despotism of its chiefs; in this state of his feelings, Say avoided taking much part in public business, but, happily for science, commenced that study, which forms the basis of his admirable '*Traité d'Economie Publique*,' a work which not only improved under his hand with every successive edition, but has been translated into most of the European languages. He was now called upon to vote in favour of Napoleon's assumption of the imperial crown; this he resolutely declined, and was in consequence deprived of the Tribuneship, for which some compensation was made to him by the tender of Receiver-Generality in the department of

the Allier. He could not, however, be prevailed on to enter upon this new office, and nobly excused himself from "combining with the rest to plunder his native land." Thus closing the scene of his official career, he once more embarked in mercantile life, as a manufacturer, but not to the neglect of his favourite pursuit, which he enriched from time to time with a variety of minor publications, all equally tending to throw light and accumulate important facts on the great and difficult science of Political Economy. He was Professor of the School of Mechanics at Paris, where he delivered probably the most useful and perspicuous lectures on the economy of labour and manufactures, which have ever been given; and with these he closed his estimable length of days.

(From a Correspondent.)

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

VARIOUS new works are talked of. A Life of Cowper is promised, with a full delineation of the man and his works: it will require no little talent as well as considerable delicacy to do this well. He is one of the most natural and unaffected of our latter poets: his 'Task' is as sure of going down to posterity, as any single poem since the days of Thomson's Seasons; and his noble translation of Homer is but beginning to be felt by his country. We have not observed lately a repetition of the announcement of Goldsmith's Life by Prior: these times, it is true, are not very genial for such works; but we should regret to hear that the Life is withheld for want of due encouragement.

The *Altrive Tales*, by the Ettrick Shepherd, of which one volume only was published, will, we hear, be continued. There is so much fine fancy and original nature in all Hogg's works, that we have no doubt a few more volumes, as good or better than the first, will be made welcome: we would, however, advise him to go over all his prose compositions with a strict eye and unsparing hand: he will find something to lop, for the tree of his genius is luxuriant, and runs, as the gardeners word it, to wood.

Turner and Calcott have, we hear, united to render the embellished edition of the Bible, promised by Mr. Murray, as worthy of public approbation as possible. The proprietor is in possession of many original drawings of Babylon, Tyre, Jerusalem, and other cities and scenes mentioned in the Scriptures—accuracy may, therefore, be depended on.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Dec. 19.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. in the chair.—The following documents, relating to the affairs of Col. George Gunter, one of the royalist sufferers in the period of the civil wars, copied from the originals in the State Paper Office, and presented to the Society by Mr. Lemon, were read by the Secretary—viz. 1. Inventory of the Colonel's real property and debts, and amount of fine levied, dated August, 1646. 2. Petition from the Colonel to the Commissioners for compounding with delinquents, dated April, 1646, praying to be admitted to his composition. 3. Letter from General Sir Thomas Fairfax to the said Commissioners, in favour of Colonel George Gunter.

+ It will be recollected by our readers, that Colonel Gunter was the author of the Narrative of King Charles the Second's escape, after the battle of Worcester, read before the Society at two former meetings, and that he was a prominent actor in that affair.

The Chairman communicated a copy of a Greek inscription, on a monumental stone, lately found at the Savoy, and now in the possession of Henry Holland, Esq. of Montagu Square, accompanied by a letter from that gentleman, which was read to the meeting. The inscription purports that the monument was that of Hermophilus Strato, "which he built in his lifetime for himself and his commater (*συμτεκνος*: the term denotes a baptismal relationship.—See Ducange, in *voc.*)" Arctoria Onesime, and for her husband Zosimus, the son of Menestratus, and her son Zosimus, the son of Zosinus." This inscription is believed to be one of the vast collection made by the Earl of Arundel, in the early part of the 17th century, and placed in the garden of Arundel House, which extended along the river where Norfolk and Arundel Streets now are.

The chairman likewise read the very interesting introductory essay to a work on Roman Topography, now preparing for the press, by Sir W. Gell; and of which some passages were read before the Society in the last session. This valuable paper tends to show the groundlessness of the system of incredulity, in regard to the early history of Rome, advanced by Beaufort, and supported by the learned Niebuhr.

Among the recent donations to the library of the Society, announced upon this occasion, was a copy of the publications of the Record Commission, consisting of 78 folio volumes, presented by Mr. Petit. Sir W. Onseley, being about to reside for some time on the Continent, has deposited about 700 valuable volumes of his books in the Society's library, for the use of the members, in the meantime.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Dec. 18.—A. B. Lambert, Esq. in the chair. Several valuable donations of books were placed on the table. The Secretary read a paper by Mr. David Don, Librarian to the Society, on the *Tropæolum Pentafolium* of Lamarck. The object of the communication was to describe some peculiarities of structure, and the mode of fruiting in this species of Indian cress, which produces a small dark-coloured berry, a circumstance apparently unknown to those botanists, who had previously described and figured this plant. The concluding portion of Professor Eschenbeck's paper was also read, after which the meetings were adjourned over the Christmas recess to Tuesday, January 15, 1833.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY. { Royal Geographical Society .. Nine, P.M.
 { Medical Society Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS

Portraits of the Principal Female Characters in the Waverley Novels. No. III. Chapman & Hall.

THIS number contains 'Lucy Bertram,' by Briggs, 'Jeanie Deans,' by Leslie, 'Miss Wardour,' by Wright, and the 'Lily of St. Leonard's,' by Chisholm. Of the four, 'Jeanie Deans' is by far the best: she is pictured with clasped hands and ardent, imploring looks, such as she appeared when she conquered the spirit and heart of the queen: 'Lucy Bertram' is also good, and has a Scottish air, but the head seems too large for the body: 'Miss Wardour' is lovely and life-like, but bears no resemblance to the lady in Scott, who was proud and reserved, and had nothing of the sort of forward air of this portrait: the 'Lily of St. Leonard's' is natural, and has a graceful rustic air: she lacks something of the beauty which rendered the original so captivating. On the whole, the number is a pleasing one.

The Popular Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Persons. No. 1. Strange.

THERE are six heads in this number—viz. Young Napoleon, Sir Walter Scott, Earl Grey, Lord Byron, Napoleon, and Lord Brougham: these are accompanied by an equal number of biographies. Of the heads, it is enough to say, that they are on wood, and convey a kind of rude idea of the looks of the originals: Scott and Byron are the least successful, and Lord Brougham the most. The memoirs are limited, and seem correct. The great marvel is, that all this is to be had for a shilling.

Memorials of Oxford. No. II. Oxford: Parker and Slater; London, Tilt.

THOSE who were pleased with the first number, will be sure to like this: the beauties of Christ Church are exhibited by the pencil, and explained by the pen, in a way much to our taste.

Illuminated Manuscripts, selected from Missals and Manuscripts of the Middle Ages. By Henry Shaw. Part IX. London: Pickering.

THIS is one of the works which we like to look at: it was a happy idea to collect in a cheap and accessible way the long concealed treasures of our public and private libraries. The illuminated margins and title-pages of our manuscripts are the earliest and best specimens of art which have survived time and accident; and the author who gives us a look at them in our own rooms merits encouragement.

Chatsworth House. Drawn by W. Daniell, R.A. Engraved by Arnytage.

THIS very pretty landscape—for such we consider it—is for the forthcoming number of the *Court Magazine*. The view is from the Bakewell side of the Dove, and exhibits the new statue gallery, designed by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, in addition to the noble mansion. The view is faithful and beautiful.

Mrs. Honey as Psyche. London: Dickinson.

THIS is a portrait, partly real and partly poetic: all that is woman has a touch of the opera, and all that is fanciful has a spice of extravagance: a moth on her head sets up its wings like the broad horns of a stag, and the lappets on her shoulders seem about to fly. It is beautifully drawn by Novello, and as beautifully executed on stone by Lane.

MUSIC

My Beautiful—My Bride! The Words by F. W. N. Bayley; composed by A. Lee.

A pretty little simple ballad, likely, we think, to be popular. The lithographic portrait of 'The Beautiful, the Bride,' is better than one-half the designs in 'The Book of Beauty.'

Bow down thine Ear. Solo Anthem. Composed by Thomas Attwood.

If Mr. Attwood were not well known as a classical and elegant composer, abundant proof of his talent would be found in this anthem. It is very beautiful.

Let thy merciful Ears, O Lord, be open. Collect for the tenth Sunday after Trinity. Composed for four Voices, by William Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

THIS is another of the many proofs Mr. Horsley has given us of his talent.

God save the King. Newly arranged by Vincent Novello.

THERE is nothing very novel in the harmonies of this arrangement, but the parts are well distributed.

O'er Hill and Dale. Air 'A la Tyrolienne.' Composed expressly for Miss Clara Novello.

THIS, like most other airs à la Tyrolienne, is a little common-place. It is beyond the limits of ordinary voices, and, we suppose, was written to display the extraordinary compass and execution of Miss Clara Novello.

Lilian May. Ballad. The Poetry and Melody by W. Ball, the Symphonies and Accompaniments by I. Moscheles.

A very pretty ballad—the accompaniments are written as they should be, not as they generally are.

From this dear Eden of Delight. A Ballad. By John Noblett.

It would be much improved by the omission of sundry consecutive octaves and fifths, which are to be found at pages 2, 3, 4, and 5.

The Echo of the Bands. Being the second of the 'Water Witch' series. By G. Weippert.

MUCH inferior to the preceding series—and three shillings for six such pages is a most exorbitant price.

The Irish National Quadrilles for the Pianoforte. By William Forde.

CONTAINS many favourite Irish airs, which, from their light lively character, are suited for quadrilles; and, the whole being well arranged, we can recommend the work.

Just like Love. Newly arranged for three Voices by Vincent Novello.

THERE is but little originality, but the parts are well distinguished, and flow smoothly.

Thou art another's. Composed by T. Nathan. THE melody wants connexion.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

'Win her and wear her,' a comic opera, which, being interpreted, means an alteration from Mrs. Centlivre's comedy, called, 'A Bold Stroke for a Wife,' was presented here on Tuesday last. As this comedy has, for many years past, been acted occasionally, we imagine it forms a portion of what the generality of critics are in the habit of holding up as scarecrows to modern writers, under the name, style, and title of 'The Standard Dramas of England.' And little better than scarecrows, indeed, they most of them are. "Authors," say these critics, "cannot write such plays now-a-days." We know not whether they can or can't, but we are happy to say they don't. The character of *Feignwell*, which is meant to be the great feature of the piece, is nothing unless admirably acted, and even then it is like a portion of one of Mr. Mathews's entertainments without the fun. Mr. Braham's personation of it, or rather of *them*, for it is a part of assumption and disguise, is a failure—not for *him*, but to the audience. It may be curious, that he can do as well as he does, but it is a great bore to those who are obliged to sit and see him, that he can't do better. The dialogue dragged terribly, and the whole thing was extremely soporific. Entire scenes in the early part went through almost unbroken by a laugh. The introduction of music in a piece which in no way lends itself to it, could have no other effect than that of increasing its original dullness. Mr. Beazley, theatrically known as a clever and tasteful architect, and the author of several highly entertaining comic pieces, has, in this instance, had the unpleasant task put upon him of taking songs and concerted pieces by the shoulders, and thrusting them on to the stage in

the middle of conversations. This sort of operation is not his forte, and we cannot with truth say, that his verses are polished enough to apologize for the intrusion. Mr. Barnett has evinced his usual taste and talent, and wasted here and there some pretty melody, which might have been better spared to a better piece. Here there is nothing in the situations to excite him; and, as far therefore as the music in question is concerned, his fame remains about where it was. It must be owned, that he had not a fair chance, for the general execution of the music was slovenly, and bore the marks of the usual carelessness and haste, in which things are brought out at English Theatres. This will always be the case, until somebody is placed in the stage management of some theatre who has taste and feeling—who can look beyond the box-sheet for the night—and who, in short, does not proceed upon that long established penny-wise and pound-foolish system, which has, time out of mind, been the misery of authors, the destruction of composers, and the ruin of proprietors. Owing to the exertions of Mr. Farren, Mrs. C. Jones, and Mr. Dowton, this play was acted much better than it deserved to be. The ignorance and inconsistency displayed in the costume were more conspicuous, if possible, than usual.

MISCELLANEA

Panorama of Stirling.—To all who delight in splendid landscape, in rich, varied, and picturesque scenery, in fields of old renown, where every stone is hallowed by recollections, this Panorama will be attractive. The situation of Stirling Castle, whence this view is taken, is perhaps unequalled in Scotland—standing on the bold summit of a basaltic rock, it commands a magnificent panoramic view over a luxuriant country, with the Forth winding like a serpent through it, and bounded by the Ochill, the Pentland, and the Campsie Hills, while westward the plains of Menteith stretch to the very base of the Grampians, of Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, and Ben Ledi.—This is a natural scene that few equal, and it includes Bannockburn, and Dunblain, and a dozen battle-fields, with the ruins of Cambuskenneth, and Doune Castle, and other objects of interest, not the least of which is the Meeting of the Highland Society, which Mr. Burford has most judiciously introduced and represented as taking place on the esplanade of the Castle, though, in reality, it is held in a field not visible from the spot. The Panorama is well painted, and we should have noticed it last week, but that on the day appointed for the private view we had one of those fleecy-hosiery atmospheres, which make it impossible to see anything.

New Periodicals.—We have latterly ceased to announce these ephemerals. There was no keeping pace either with their entrances or exits. A newspaper, however, has more vitality in it, and we have now on our table the first number of the 'Reflector,' a new journal "devoted to the People." It is undertaken, according to the Prospectus, to supply those new wants which have arisen with the acquirement of new ideas; and it is devoted to the right direction of the people's judgment. It is never fair to judge of a work by a first number—but we may of the tone and temper with which it will be carried on, and we could not but admire the sort of equable justice of the Reflector. It is radical in its politics, but neither virulent nor personal.

Antwerp.—Several maps and plans of this city and its vicinity have been lately published. One of the most interesting is that by Mr. Shrewsbury, in which the position of the French army is laid down from actual observation.

Batavia.—The last published volume (forming the twelfth) of the 'Verhandelingen vanhet Bataviaasch Genootschap'—Transactions of the Batavian Society, contains the following papers:—Synopsis Plantarum Æconomicarum Universi Regni Japonici, auct. Dr. de Siebold; a short 'History of the Japanese Wars with the Native Princes, between the years 1741 and 1757'; Dr. Fritze's 'Narrative of the Diseases prevalent in the Dutch Army, during the expedition to the Island of Celebes, in 1827';—and Domis' 'Journal of a Tour from Welere to the Praauw Mountains, by the resident at Samarang.'

The Rhine and Weser.—Considerable progress has been made in forming a company in Westphalia for the important purpose of connecting these two streams, by means of a railway from the shore opposite Cologne to Minden. The distance between the two places is about one hundred and sixty miles, which may be performed by steam conveyance in one day; whereas the present means of transport consume between six and seven. We understand, that the city of Bremen, which is essentially interested in bringing the plan to bear, has offered to contribute 150,000*l.* out of the 375,000*l.* which its completion will require.

Prodigious!—At an electioneering dinner lately, in the west of England, one of the guests, to show the *depth* and *extent* of his passion for liberty, exclaimed:—"May the tree of liberty be planted in the *centre* of the earth, and its branches spread from *pole to pole*!"

Two Heads better than One.—Mr. Parker left at our office a small living tortoise with two distinct heads and necks, each head having two eyes, and possessing and exercising all the natural functions. The little double-head appears to delight in water, but there is not always a perfect agreement between the two heads, as to which should be the head.—*U.S. Gazette.*

Prayer.—The venerable Dr. L., a short time previous to his death, was invited to pray at the annual commencement celebration at Cambridge. In the course of his prayer he besought the Supreme to "shower his blessings on Howard College, Andover Institution, the State Prison, and all other seminaries of useful instruction."—*Boston Transcript.*

American Militia Muster.—[We copy the following from the United States *Norfolk Herald*, but are of opinion, it is a scene out of a farce we have often heard mentioned, but of which we have not been able to procure a copy. The Americans have no objection to caricature themselves, and Mrs. Trollope could not have done it more effectively.]—"Tention the hull! shoulder! as you were!"—"I say, Capting, Mike's priming his fire-lock with brandy."—"Why, deacon Michael Bigelow, aint you ashamed to do sitch a thing arter the temperance paper? I'll report you to the court martial.—You, without bagnetts on your corn-stalks, stand back in the rear rank—trail arms."—"Capting, why the dickens don't you put the ranks farther apart? That are chap's bagnet has stuck into Jen's trowsers, and I rather guess he won't sit down as slick as he used to do."—"I say, Mister don't blow your backer smoke in my face."—"Why, darn it, how could I help it? This here feller shoulderin' his fire-lock, stuck his bagnet stave thro' the rim of my beaver, and I rather guess as how any on ye would jerk your head a little on one side, smoke or no smoke. Mister, hand me down my hat."—"Can't do it—wait till the Capting tells us to order arms; must bring down my fire-lock without orders if your head was on the top of it."—"That's right, Joe, rale soger, I tell ye—only arter this shoulder your fire-lock perpendicular."—"John, you've got a fire-lock—what made ye bring your number!"—"Why, Capting, the wind was due east, and I heard the turkeys screeching, so I knew

we'd have a shower."—"Tom, what are you bawlin about?"—"Why, Capting, Jim Lummis smashed my toe with the butt of his gun, and I rather guess it's a thirty-six pounder, for it's tarnashun heavy."—"Jim Lummis, just have the purliteness to take your gun off Tom's toe; and look out how you smash arter this."—"Capting, I say, here's an engagement on the right flank."—"You don't say so, Leftenint—what is it?"—"Why Parks Lummis and George King fighting like blazes."—"We'll make a ring after parade, and see fair play, only tell them to wait till we're done sogerin."—"Capting, I say, its arter sun-down, and I rather guess I needn't stay any longer according to law."—"Well, I'm agreed. Now get into a strate line as quick as greased lightning. Right face, dismiss."

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of the Week. | Thermom. | Barometer. | Winos. | Weather. |
|-------------------|----------|------------|------------|-------------|
| Th. 13 | 48 35 | 30.05 | S. | Cloudy. |
| Fr. 14 | 48 37 | 29.70 | S.W. | Ditto. |
| Sat. 15 | 53 29 | 29.23 | SW to W. | Rain. |
| Sun. 16 | 52 40 | 29.65 | S.W. | Ditto, P.M. |
| Mon. 17 | 58 40 | 29.25 | S.W. to W. | Shrs. P.M. |
| Tues. 18 | 49 32 | 29.15 | S.W. | Rain, A.M. |
| Wed. 19 | 43 30 | 29.25 | S.W. to W. | Clear. |

Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus. Nights and mornings for the greater part fair. Stormy wind early on Monday.

Mean temperature of the week, 41.5°; greatest variation, 13°.
Day decreased on Wednesday, 8h. 50m.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

The Works of John Skelton, Poet Laureat to King Henry VIII., now first collected, and containing various long Poems never before printed, with ample notes and illustrations by the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

On the 1st of January, the First Number of The Guildian; or, Giltar Magazine.
Kidd's Picturesque Companion to all the Watering Places of Great Britain; with 200 engravings by G. W. Bonner.

A New Edition of Pridcaux's Directions to Churchwardens, with considerable additions by Robert Philip Tyrwhitt, Esq., Barrister at Law.

Select Illustrations of Hampshire; from Sketches taken expressly for the Work, accompanied by Historical and Topographical Descriptions, by G. F. Prosser.

Lady Dacre's Recollections of a Chaperon.
A History of the Coldstream Guards, from the foundation of the Regiment under General Monck, brought down to the present time, by Colonel Mackinnon.

Lady Harriet Hoste will shortly publish a Life of her husband, Sir William Hoste, who began his career under Lord Nelson.

Miss Jane Austen's Works are about to be introduced into "The Standard Novels." 'Sense and Sensibility' is to form the next volume, to be published 1st of January; 'Emma,' 'Northanger Abbey,' 'Mansfield Park,' &c. will shortly follow.

Just published.—Coney's Cathedrals and Public Buildings of the Continent, 10*l.* 10*s.*—Batty's Views of European Cities, 4*l.*—Landseer's Sketches of Animals in the Zoological Gardens, &c. 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*—Turner's Picturesque Views of England and Wales, Vol. I. complete in 2 vols., 10*l.* 10*s.*—The Vegetable World, by Williams, 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—The Invisible Gentleman, 3 vols. 3*l.* 6*d.*—American Almanack, 1853, 5*s.*—Chronological Chart of Kings of England, 10*s.*—The Scripture Dictionary, by the Rev. Mr. Bainford, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Waverley Album, containing 51 Engravings, 8vo. 2*s.*—The Life of a Sailor, by a Captain in the Navy, 3 vols. post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Catechism of Whist, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Passion and Reason; or, Quintilian Brothers, 4 vols. 30*s.*—Motherwell's Poems, 12mo. 6*s.*—Hood's Comic Annual for 1853, 1*s.*—Figures of Fun, 2 parts, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Hall's Art of Divine Meditation, 32mo. 1*s.*—Halyburton's Works, 8vo. 15*s.*—Mantell's Floriculture, royal 8vo. 5*s.*—Supplement to the Cambridge Mathematical Examination Papers, Part I. 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. C. Smith's Letters on Maternal Religion, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Laureate, a Satirical Poem, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Major Ricketts' Narrative of the Ashantee War, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS

The order contained in a letter from Madras, to furnish the *Athenæum*, has been transferred to a house in town, connected with the Presidency; we do not supply copies to subscribers—and we may here take occasion to state generally, for the information of all parties, that orders should be given to some local bookseller or agent.

ADVERTISEMENTS

GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Professor LYELL will, on Friday, the 19th of April, begin a Course of SIXTEEN LECTURES on the SCIENCE of GEOLOGY.—Further particulars of the Course may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.

W. OTTER, M.A. Principal.
N.B. Persons not connected with the College, may enter for attendance at the above or any other Course.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.
WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF DECEASED and LIVING BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, is NOW OPEN, from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.*
E. PRENTIS, Secretary.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE AND WORKS OF ART, ADELAIDE-STREET, near St. Martin's Church, WEST END. Open daily from 10 till dusk.—Admission, 1*s.* Catalogue, 1*s.*

NOW EXHIBITING.

PERKINS' newly-discovered System of generating Steam, exemplified by a STEAM GUN, discharging, with one-fourth greater power than that of Gunpowder, a Volley of Severely Ball, against a Target, in four seconds, hourly during the day.

Steam-boat Model upon water, propelled by the paddle-wheel in common use, and by that of Perkins' late invention.

Holmes' newly-invented Revolving Rullers.
An Apparatus by Perkins, showing a brilliant combustion of the hardest steel, effected by its being brought in contact with a soft iron plate, revolving with an intense rapidity.

Spectacles of Perkins' System of Printing with hardened Steel Plates and Rollers, and of the transfer of Engravings on Steel.

A Magnet, by Saxton, capable of igniting gunpowder.

Curvalled Collection of Antiquarian Fossil Organic Remains, and Minerals, highly interesting to the antiquarian and the geologist.

An Apparatus, by Perkins, compressing, with a power of 20,000 pounds to the square inch, æreiform fluids, liquids, or solids. Exhibited every day at 2 and 4 o'clock.

Exemplification of Watson's Plan for preventing Ships foundering at Sea.

Sectional and Working Models of Steam Engines.
Model of the proposed London and Birmingham Railway.

Models of new Framing of Ships, various improved Anchors, Rudders, Gun Carriages, Top-mast Fid, Cat-head Stopper, Life-rails, Life-preservers, and numerous other apparatus.

A Model, in a Dividing Bell, immersed in water—illustrating the principle and application of the Bell.

A Selection of valuable Paintings by the Old Masters, among which will be found some splendid productions of Murillo.

The Royal Seraphine and Harmonica, new Musical Instruments; performed on at intervals.

Numerous other Models and Objects of interest and amusement are now exhibited, and additions to the Gallery are made daily.

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ZOHRAH THE HOSTAGE.'
New edition, 2 vols. 6*s.* 2*s.*

ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA.
2 vols. foolscap, 15*s.*

Hajji Baba in England. By the Author of 'Hajji Baba.'
John Marry, Albemarle-street.

NEW AND INTERESTING WORKS.
Published this day, by Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street, (Successor to Henry Colburn.)

MRS. HALL'S NEW ROMANCE,
In 3 vols. post 8vo.

THE BUC C A NEER:
A STORY OF THE PROTESTANT.

By the Author of 'Sketches of Irish Character,' &c.
"A work of very high merit, must take rank with some of the best fictions in our language."—*Atlas.*

THE AMERICAN THEATRE.
By William Danlap, Esq.

Author of 'Memoirs of George Frederick Cooke,'
Including Anecdotes of English Performers in the United States, from 1752 to the Present Times.

"It deserves to be popular, and treats of an amusement and recreation in which nine-tenths of civilized mankind take pleasure."—*Literary Gazette.*

SECOND EDITION OF ZOHRAH.
By the Author of 'Hajji Baba,' 3 vols.

"Novels of this stamp and character are valuable additions to literature."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

SIR DAVID BAIRD'S LIFE.
By Theodore Hook, Esq.

Including his Private Papers, Correspondence, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. with Engravings.

"This work must rank with the best biographies extant."—*United Service Journal, Dec.*

VISIT TO HOLLAND, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY.
By Sir A. B. Falckner, 2 vols.

"The production of a gentleman who is able to appreciate justly, and describe cleverly, the objects presented to his attention during a tour of considerable interest and duration."—*Lit. Gazette.*

Complete in 1 vol. beautifully printed and illustrated, price 6*s.* similarly to the 'Waverley Novels.'

FLEETWOOD. By GODWIN.
With a new Introduction, &c. by the Author, forming the current Volume of the 'Standard Novels.'

THE FOURTH VOL. OF THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME JUNOT,
(DUCHESS OF ABANTES.) Written by herself.

"Nowhere do we get a truer or more intelligible view of Napoleon as a man."—*Spectator.*
And in a few days,
RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHAPERON.
Edited by Lady Dacre, 3 vols.

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF CAPTAIN SIR WILLIAM HOSTE, BART.
R.N., K.C.B., K.M.T.
By Lady Harriet Hoste.

THE LIFE of a SAILOR.

By a CAPTAIN in the ROYAL NAVY.
"Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam—
Survey our empire, and behold our home!"—BYRON.
Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street,
(Successor to Mr. Colburn.)

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. XXVI., will be published on Monday.

CONTENTS.—I. On the Philosophy of Appearances.—Dæmonology.—Witchcraft.

Natural Magic.

II. The Poor-Laws and Surplus Labour, and their Mutual Relation.

III. Public Carriages.—The Road.

IV. On the Phenomena of Life, and the Mysteries of the Human Frame. By Dr. Stevens.

V. Journals for Hostages.

VI. The History of Charlemagne. By G. P. R. James, Esq.

VIII. Mémoires de Louis XVIII.

VIII. sir Edward Howard's Supper, and extraordinary and highly interesting Events in his Life.

IX. On the Statistics and Political Institutions of the United States, with Observations on the Ecclesiastical System of America, by sources of Revenue, &c.

X. La Fayette et la Révolution de 1830. Par B. Sarrazin.

XI. How it must work. By Lord Teyaham. 2. Church Records. By Lord Henley.

John Murray, Albemarle-street.

Published by B. Steill, 20, Paternoster-row, price 1s.

OXFORD ACADEMICAL ABUSES DIS-

CLOSED. By some of the initiated.

Uniform with Byron's Works, price 2s.

Corn-Law Rhymes—Splendid Village—and other Poems.

A poet, in some respects, superior to Burns."—*Morning Chronicle*.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE STUDENT'S JOURNAL, Arranged,

Printed, and Bound, for receiving an Account of every Day's Experience for the space of One Year. With an Index and Appendix. 1s. 6d. half-bound, 1s. 6d.

A Pocket Common-Place Book, with Locke's Index. Post 8vo, half-bound, 1s. 6d.; or 10s. 6d. bound.

Printed for John Taylor, Bookseller and Publisher to the University of London, Upper Gower-street.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Just published, price 3s. cloth boards.

TALES and CONVERSATIONS.

By EMILY COOPER.

"This is a pleasant and moral little book, and may be safely presented to children of eight or ten for their amusement, and perused by parents themselves, as a series of good hints as to the most and subjects of the conversation to be held with their young charge."—*Spectator*.

Charles Fox, 67, Paternoster-row.

INTERESTING BOOKS SUITABLE TO THE SEASON.

London: Printed for Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster-row.

A PREPARATION for the LORD'S

SUPPER, with a Companion to the Altar. Intended chiefly for the Use of Ladies.

By MARY CORNWALLIS.

Second Edition, in a neat pocket volume, 2s. bound.

Observations, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Canonical Scriptures. By the Same. Second edition, 4 vols. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

The Family Book of Common Prayer; being a Selection of Collects and other Prayers from the Liturgy of the Established Church, arranged as a Form of Daily Devotion, Morning and Evening, with a Commentary, &c. By the Rev. Thomas Gill, A.M. late Minister of Denmark-hill Chapel, 1s. 6d. bound.

Natural History of Religion; or, Youth armed against Infidelity and Religious Errors. By the Rev. R. Taylor, Curate of Hart, in the county of Durham. In 12mo, 9s. cloth boards.

"Is this very important and original work is divided into eight chapters under the following heads: The Deity—The Creation—The Human Soul—Man a fallen Creature—The Heavens World—The Plan of Redemption—The Personal History of Jesus Christ—Redemption. Its arguments will be most useful to all Christian readers, and they will greatly assist the young divine in explaining difficult passages of Scripture. The book indeed abounds with original views of the sacred volume."

Letters to a Friend on the Evidences, Doctrines, and Duties of the Christian Religion. By Olinthus Gregory, M.D. In 2 vols. small 8vo, the 2d edition, with numerous additions and improvements. Price 14s. boards.

Morning Communings with God; or, Devotional Meditations for every Day of the Year. Translated from the original of Germany, by Christian Christopher Storer, Author of 'Reflections,' &c. By William Johnston, A.M. A new edit. handsomely printed, in 2 vols. small 8vo, price 16s. boards.

"On opening this work we were agreeably surprised at finding genuine and true in accompaniment with warmth of soul, in perusing Klopstock and Goethe we breathe the atmosphere of the blessed, and feel that business is the essence of a perfect felicity. It is the soul of these works that renders them so delightful, and in a similar spirit are written these 'Communings with God.'"
—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

Contemplations on the Sufferings of Jesus Christ. By the Same. Printed uniform with the preceding, with a Memoir and a Portrait of Storer. Price 9s. boards.

Sermons, selected, abridged, and adapted generally to the Epistle, Gospel, or First Lessons for every Sunday Morning and Evening, or to the several Seasons of the Year, and arranged for Family Use. By the Rev. Samuel Chapman, M.A. Rector of Gosport, St. Michael's, Dorset, &c. The 3d edition, in two large and closely-printed 8vo vols. price 24s. boards.

Sermons, Explanatory and Practical, on the Thirty-nine Articles. By the Rev. T. Waite, D.C., Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester. In a thick 8vo. volume, 16s. boards.

MATHEMATICS.

A SHORT ELEMENTARY TREATISE

on EXPERIMENTAL and MATHEMATICAL OPTICS. Designed for the Use of Students in the University.

By the Rev. BAYEN FOWELL, M.A. F.R.S. of Oriel College, Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford.

8vo. 10s. boards.

Oxford: D. A. Talbot, Simpkin and Marshall; and Whitaker and Co. London. Where may be had,

The Elements of the Theory of Mechanics.

By the Rev. R. Walker, M.A. of Wadham College, Oxford. 8vo. boards, 10s.

Mathematical Questions, proposed at the Public Examinations, and for the Mathematical Scholarships, in the University of Oxford, from the year 1829 to the present time.

8vo. second, 10s.

Tennessen's Manual of the History of Philosophy, translated from the German, by the Rev. Arthur Johnson, M.A. late Fellow of Wadham College, and Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford. In one closely-printed vol. 8vo. boards, 10s. 6d.

Historical Researches into the Politics, Inter-course, and Commerce of the Carthaginians, Ethiopians, and Egyptians. Translated from the German of A. H. L. Herken, Professor of History in the University of Göttingen, &c. 8vo. with Maps and Plans. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

"A work of the very highest rank among those with which modern Geography has enriched the literature of Europe."—*Quarterly Review*.

"The most valuable acquisition made to our historical store since the days of Gibbon."—*Athenæum*.

SCHOOL PRIZES and CHRISTMAS

PRESENTS, published by Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. Ave Maria-lane; and may be had in various Bindings:—

I. A Guide to the Observation of Nature. 3s. 6d.

II. Miss Mitford's American Stories, for Children under Ten Years of Age. 3 vols. 10s. 6d.

III. Ditto, for elder Children. 3 vols. 10s. 6d.

IV. Mrs. Sargant's Letters from a Mother to her Daughter. 3s. 6d.

V. Adventures of British Seamen in the Southern Ocean. 3s. 6d.

VI. Memoirs of Madame La-Rochefoucauld.

Edited by sir Walter Scott. 3s. 6d.

VII. Table-Talk; Anecdotes from various Authors of celebrity. 3s. 6d.

VIII. The Picture of India. 2nd edit. 2 vols. 12s.

IX. Remarkable Phenomena of Nature. 3s. 6d.

X. An Autumn in Italy. 3s. 6d.

XI. First Lines of Zoology. 6s.

XII. The Book of Butterflies and Moths: with 96 coloured Engravings. 2 vols. 7s.

XIII. Stories of Travels in South America. 7s.

XIV. Roberts' Personal Adventures in South America. 3s. 6d.

XV. Archdeacon Whingham's Compendium of the Evidences of Christianity. 3s. 6d.

XVI. History of Music. 3s. 6d.

XVII. Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. 2s. 6d.

XVIII. White's Natural History of Selborne. 3s. 6d.

XIX. Letters on Entomology, with coloured Plates. 2s.

XX. The Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom. 6s.

XXI. Life of Cortez, and History of the Conquest of Mexico. 2s. 6d.

XXII. History of the Conquest of Peru. 3s. 6d.

XXIII. Perils at Sea and Captivity. 3s. 6d.

XXIV. Croly's Beauties of the British Poets. 7s.

XXV. The Natural History of the Bible. 8s.

XXVI. Mrs. Sargant's Tales for Young Ladies. 9s.

PARIS; or, THE BOOK OF THE

HUNDRED-AND-ONE.

Being Translations from the celebrated French Work, LE LIVRE DES CENT-ET-UN.

"The manners of the Parisians, from the Courtier to the Bourgeois—from the Châsse d'Antin to the Marais—the institutions of France, from her Eminent Hospital to her Morgues—are alike painted with great boldness of effect and wonderful truth and minuteness of detail. Philosophy, Poetry, and Satire, have each contributed their colours; and the result is a great picture, composed of a hundred groups, and made up of a limited episodes, but all harmonizing admirably together, and offering a complete and admirable representation of Paris in all her aspects. The selection is made with taste and judgment, and the translation is the best which we have yet seen from the French into our language."—*The Mirror*.

Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. Ave Maria-lane.

To be published this day, price 1s. 6d.

TEN MINUTES' ADVICE ON COUGHS

and COLDS, with the best Means of Prevention and Cure. Reshew and Rush, 256, Strand.

Lately imported.

ALMANACH DE GOTHIA, 1833. 6s.

Dulan and Co. 37, Soho-square.

Just published, in royal 8vo. price 2s. 2s. in Morocco; with India proofs, bound in letters (only 100 copies), 4s. 4s.

TURNER'S ANNUAL TOUR; containing

25 beautifully-finished Plates—Views on the River Loire—from Drawings by J. M. W. TURNER, Esq. R.A.; with Descriptive Letter-press by LEITCH RITCHIE, Esq.

London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman.

LIBRARY OF ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

On New Year's Day will be published, uniform with the Waverley Novels, and elegantly covered in cloth, price 6s.

THE GHOST-HUNTER and his FAMILY,

by the O'HARA FAMILY, complete in one volume, equal in size to two volumes of a common Novel; forming the first monthly volume of the Library of Romance, edited by LEITCH RITCHIE.

London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

DE MORGAN'S ARITHMETIC.—Second Edition, with additional

Examples.

This day is published, in 12mo. price 3s. 6d. cloth.

THE ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC.

By AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN.

Late Professor of Mathematics in the University of London.

Second edition, considerably enlarged.

Printed for John Taylor, Bookseller and Publisher to the University, 39, Upper Gower-street.

This day is published, a new edition, 8vo. 12s.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF PRINCIPLES

OF GEOLOGY; being an Attempt to explain the former Changes in the Earth's Surface, by reference to Causes now in Operation.

By CHARLES LYELL, F.R.S.

Professor of Geology in the King's College, and Foreign Secretary of the Geological Society.

Vol. I. 2nd edition, price 13s. is just published.

Vol. III. is in the press, and will be published shortly.

John Murray, Albemarle-street.

VALPY'S SHAKESPEARE, with BOYDELL'S PLATES.

First of January, price 2s. bound, uniform with Byron and Scott.

Vol. II. of an improved edition of the

PLAYS and POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE.

This edition will be enriched with the 170 splendid Plates of Boydell, engraved in the first style of Outline; each Volume averaging Eleven.

In Vol. I. is given a Life, Dr. Johnson's Preface, and Fourteen Engravings.

The whole will be completed in 15 Monthly Volumes.

"It is at once the most delightful and available form in which Shakspeare has ever appeared."—*Morning Post*.

"An admirable idea, and especially apt in execution. The outline engravings abound, and are excellently done; type good, size convenient, price next to nothing, the subject 'Shakspeare.' If this combination do not attract, there is neither taste nor patriotism in England."—*United Service Journal*.

"The typography is beautiful, and the plates are outline etchings, executed in the first style of the art."—*Evening Herald*.

Edited, printed, and published by A. J. Valpy, M.A. Red Lion-court, Fleet street; and sold by all Booksellers.

On the 1st of January will be published, to be continued Monthly,

THE BRITISH LIBRARY.

comprising the CLASSIC AUTHORS OF GREAT BRITAIN, elegantly printed in fols. 8vo. price Three Shillings.

THE PLAN OF THE WORK IS—

I. To publish the Works of the principal Authors of Great Britain in Monthly Volumes, each containing from 250 to 400 pages, with Illustrations on Wood, where necessary, at the lowest possible price.

II. A leading object will be to free the British Library from the numerous errors which abound in even the best editions of our popular writers.

III. Where various readings occur, they will be introduced, and in cases where the lapse of time may have produced error, or the progress of discovery has extended our knowledge, notes will be added—the text being always preserved pure, and without abridgment.

IV. The whole will constitute a Series connected and arranged by Indices, or the writings of each author may be purchased separately, perfect in themselves, accompanied with a Biographical Memoir of the Author, either selected, or written expressly for the British Library.

V. The Series will embrace all our great classic writers in DIVINITY, HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, NATURAL HISTORY, POETRY, LITERATURE, and FICTION.—List of the forthcoming works will be appended to each volume.

It hardly admits of a doubt that this undertaking, embracing moderate price, beautiful typography, correct collation, and convenient shape, must obtain extensive patronage. Those who regard money less than time, will be led incessantly to renew profitable study; the young will commence their reading with the best examples of scholarship, while the humble and poor may become possessed of those genuine sources of moral and intellectual refinement. The First Volume will contain

WHITE'S NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE, and Observations on Nature, with Illustrations by Bonner, and Notes by Captain Thomas Brown, F.R.S. President of the Royal Physical Society.

London: Published for the Proprietors, by William Orr, Paternoster-row; James Chambers, Edinburgh; and sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

WORKS OF LITERATURE AND ART,

PUBLISHED BY EDWARD BULL, 26, HOLLES-STREET, CAVENDISH-SQUARE, LONDON;
TO BE HAD OF EVERY BOOKSELLER IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

On the First of January, 1833, will be published, (uniform with Lodge's and the Society's 'Gallery of Portraits,') PART I., to be continued every Fortnight, and to be completed in 24 Parts, each containing THREE FINE PORTRAITS, with accompanying Memoirs, price only 2s. 6d., of the

PORTRAIT GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES,

INCLUDING

BEAUTIES

OF THE

COURTS OF GEORGE IV. AND WILLIAM IV.

With MEMOIRS by JOHN BURKE, Esq. Author of 'The Peerage and Baronetage.'

These engraved Portraits will be produced under the immediate care and superintendence of Mr. COCHRANE, the eminent Engraver, from those Pictures by LAWRENCE, JACKSON, SHEE, PICKERSGILL, CHALON, &c. which have, in 'La Belle Assemblée,' excited such general interest and admiration, and which represent various Members of the ROYAL FAMILIES OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE, and the FAMILIES of

STAFFORD,
GROSVENOR,
DENBIGH,
HARROWBY,
LOWTHER,
DUCIE,
NORFOLK,
DEVONSHIRE,
WESTMORELAND,

LONDONDERRY,
ARGYLE,
BERESFORD,
GRANTHAM,
CASSILLIS,
WINCHESTER,
AUDLEY,
MEXBOROUGH,
RODNEY,

MANVERS,
HARDWICKE,
LE DESPENSER,
VERNON,
STEWART,
CUTWYND,
RUTLAND,
GUILFORD,
HAREWOOD,

DE TABLEY,
GREY DE HOWICK,
GREY DE RUTHEN,
DE CLIFFORD,
NORTHUMBERLAND,
WILLESLEY,
RAVENSWORTH,
ELLENBOROUGH,
LESLIE,

DURHAM,
BELFAST,
HAMILTON,
VERULAM,
CHOLMONDELEY,
CHARLEVILLE,
&c. &c.

VALUABLE PRESENTS.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL ANNUAL, 1833,

Containing 100 BEAUTIFULLY-COLOURED STEEL ENGRAVINGS, by STARLING, of all the STATES, KINGDOMS, AND EMPIRES throughout the World, including the NEW DISCOVERIES AND CHANGES that have taken place to the present time, and an ORIGINAL MAP of GREAT BRITAIN, according to the Constitution of 1832. Price, elegantly bound in morocco, 21s.

THE BIBLICAL ANNUAL, 1833,

(Uniform with the 'Geographical Annual,')

Containing FINELY-REPRODUCED AND BEAUTIFULLY-COLOURED ENGRAVINGS from STEEL, by STARLING, of all the TRIBES AND COUNTRIES mentioned in Sacred History; with Plans of the CITY OF JERUSALEM and the TEMPLE; and a GENERAL INDEX, upon an original and most comprehensive plan, exhibiting, at one view, all that is Geographically and Historically interesting in the Holy Scriptures. Price, elegantly bound in morocco, 21s.

OPINIONS OF THESE ANNUALS.

"Of the whole 'Annual' family we may safely pronounce these the most useful and elaborately beautiful."—*Dispatch.*

"These two Annals are possessed of great merit, and appear not only unexceptionable in their character, but exceedingly valuable. The plan is admirable."—*Records.*

"The 'Geographical Annual' is a very beautiful and useful work, in comparison to which, all other Annals sink into comparative insignificance, for their intrinsic value is small indeed when placed beside it. Neither drawing-room table, nor library, nor public office, should be without this most convenient, profitable, and elegant companion."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

"The 'Biblical Annual,' a work upon the same plan, and with similar internal attractions, should be made the associate of the Bible, by all who desire to learn as they read."—*Ibid.*

"The 'Biblical Annual' is deserving of a place in the library of every student of the Bible."—*Christian Advocate.*

"These are exquisitely beautiful works of art, and will form truly valuable additions to the libraries of ministers and of private Christians. We can hardly conceive a more suitable or more

elegant present for young people of intelligent and well-educated minds."—*Ecological Magazine.*

"These two beautiful and most useful volumes form a family treasure."—*Literary Gazette.*

"These two beautiful and useful volumes are perennial."—*Spectator.*

"It is impossible that a more valuable or more elegant present could be made than the 'Geographical Annual,' and every family in the Kingdom must have the 'Biblical Annual.'"—*Ibid.*

"The 'Biblical Annual' is a beautiful publication, executed in a style of engraving beyond which, we suppose, art cannot go. It is the more acceptable, as charts of the countries mentioned in the Bible have hitherto been either very incorrect, or, if well executed, inaccessible to the public on account of their enormous prices."—*Monthly Review.*

"These works will be reckoned among the most useful as well as elegant and cheap publications of modern times."—*Tyne Mercury.*

"The 'Geographical Annual' is one of the most successful

publications, and certainly this 'Biblical' is in no way its inferior. The maps are executed with the greatest care, and the general index is of the highest value. We know not the work we could more conscientiously recommend as a valuable and beautiful present."—*Albion.*

"The 'Biblical Annual' is a beautiful little work; it is, indeed, a publication so well put together in every respect, that a more useful and agreeable companion to the reading of the Scriptures could not be devised."—*Literary Gazette.*

"We are pleased to add our most unequivocal commendation of this very useful publication."—*Christian Reformer.*

"It is a very excellent work, and a desideratum in families."—*Spectator.*

"The index to the 'Biblical Annual' must be of great value and interest, as well to the historical as to the biblical student."—*Carlisle Patriot.*

"The maps are curious and interesting to any student; but to the biblical reader they are invaluable for the information they communicate."—*Tyne Mercury.*

Just completed, price One Guinea, bound in morocco cloth, and profusely embellished with finely-engraved PORTRAITS, LANDSCAPES, and COSTUMES, Vol. I. of

THE COURT MAGAZINE.

Edited by the Hon. Mrs. NORTON.

In concluding the first volume of the 'COURT MAGAZINE,' the Proprietors take leave to express a hope that they have satisfactorily redeemed the pledge they gave on commencing this Publication. The encouragement which they have received by an immense increase of sale, the spirit of competition which their successful efforts have aroused, and the favourable testimonies of the public press, are evidences, strong and palpable, of the general improvement of the 'COURT MAGAZINE.' They have no little pride in referring to its literature, when it can be truly said that many among the brightest talents of this country have contributed to enrich the pages of the present volume. The embellished portion of the work they believe to be now brought to a higher degree of perfection than ever; and in addition to the

PORTRAIT GALLERY of the FEMALE NOBILITY, and the Coloured Engravings of the Month, they have completed their arrangements with Mr. DANIELL, the Royal Academician, and many eminent Engravers, for supplying a splendid Series of

LANDSCAPE VIEWS of the SEATS of the NOBILITY and ROYAL RESIDENCES, to be completed every alternate Month. As a work of Literature and Art, the Proprietors can with confidence rank the 'COURT MAGAZINE' as one of the most attractive and cheap publications of modern times; and they take this opportunity of reminding the public of the New Year, as a favourable time for becoming Subscribers.—In the Literary Department, the Proprietors look forward to still further improvement, as several very eminent pens have been enlisted among the Contributors to the 'COURT MAGAZINE,' the First Volume of which includes Original Papers by the most eminent Authors.

The 'COURT MAGAZINE' for January, 1833, will be embellished with a splendid LANDSCAPE VIEW of

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S SEAT,
CHATSWORTH;

FORMING THE SECOND OF THE LANDSCAPE GALLERY OF THE SEATS OF THE NOBILITY AND ROYAL RESIDENCES.

London: J. HOLMES, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.

Published every Saturday at the ATHENÆUM OFFICE, No. 2, CATHERINE STREET, Strand, by J. FRANCIS; and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors in Town and Country; G. G. BENNIS, No. 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; Messrs. PRATT & DARRY, Brussels; PERTHES & BRESER, Hamburg; F. FLEISCHER, Leipzig; Messrs. PRADDOY & Co. New York; and GRAY & BOWEN, Boston, America.—Price 4d.; or in Monthly Parts (in a wrapper).

Advertisements, and Communications for the Editor (post paid) to be forwarded to the Office as above.